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VOL. XLI NO. 25

School Days

SEPTEMBER 12 1908



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GEORGE ADE



MAUDE BALLINGTON BOOTH



JANE ADDAMS

"THE WILD ROSE LETTERS," being the heart secrets between Elaine, Countess of Wycherly, and Rose Mary of Strawberry Point (IA.). Its sentiment is as sweet and delicious as wild honey—a yearly feature.

"CLARA LOUISE BURNHAM" will contribute an article on the *Christian Science Faith* for the November *Woman's World*. Mrs. Clara Louise Burnham has become known throughout the English-speaking world as a novelist who has introduced into fiction the element of "Christian Science." And she has done this with such power and charm that her stories of "Jewel," "Jewel's Story Book," "The Right Princess," and "The Opened Shutters," have become classics in their peculiar field. Mrs. Burnham has also practically consented to write a serial story for the *Woman's World* to start in an early issue. *OPIE READ'S* new serial story will start in the November *Woman's World*. Other 1908 Contributors to *Woman's World* are MAUDE BALLINGTON BOOTH, JANE ADDAMS, MAUD RADFORD WARREN, WILL PAYNE, HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, S. E. KISER, W. D. NESBIT, EDWIN BALMER, DR. W. A. EVANS, Commissioner of Health for Chicago, STANLEY WATERLOO, ELSIE JANIS, the actress, and many other well known writers and celebrities. The *Woman's World* is printed in colors with a super-calendered cover. It is a **GREAT LITTLE MAGAZINE**.



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Anyone who will send only 25 cents **now** to pay for a subscription for the **Woman's World** for the entire year of 1909 will be sent the September, October, November and December issues of this year absolutely free. To give you an idea of the value of **Woman's World**, the following are a **few** of the features in the September issue, a copy of which will be sent you at once, upon receipt of your acceptance of this offer.

## "The White Slave Trade of Today"

by EDWIN W. SIMS, United States District Attorney in Chicago. "There are some things so far removed from the lives of normal, decent people as to be simply unbelievable by them. The White Slave Trade of today is one of these incredible things," begins Mr. Sims' article. Every woman and girl in America will be benefited by reading this article by the great federal attorney who is doing such good work to rid our land of a "Traffic which would, by contrast, make the Congo slave traders of the old days appear like Good Samaritans."

"THE GIRL OF THE GRAYS," by GEN. CHARLES KING. A new serial by the Author of "The Colonel's Daughter" begins in the September *Woman's World*.

"A TEAR VASE," by ELIA W. PEATTIE, Author of "At The Edge of Things," "A Mountain Woman," etc.

"NINE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING," by MARGARET E. SANGSTER, who, by the way, conducts a Mother's Page in every issue of the *Woman's World*.



HON. EDWIN W. SIMS

The U. S. District Attorney who secured for the U. S. Government the \$29,000,000 fine against the Standard Oil Company

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"WHEN SHE'S AWAY," by FRANK L. STANTON, the sweet singer of the South.

"THE JOURNAL OF JULIE"—being the personal and confidential experiences and trials of a young country girl winning her way in a great city. In the September installment Julie secures a better position in the Glove Factory through the intervention of the "Florodora Kid," foreman of the machine room, who has admired her appearance.

"NEW STYLES IN HOMEMADE GARMENTS," by ELLEN STAN.

"THE CORN KING," by FORREST CRISSEY, author of "The Country Boy," and the series of stories of Country Life now appearing in Harper's Magazine. Many other interesting features appear in the September issue.

Space will only permit a **few** references to what will appear in the October and subsequent issues of the *Woman's World*. In October appears "THE EMPTY BOWL," by ELLA WHEELER WILCOX. "LOVE MAKING IN FOREIGN LANDS," by FRANK PIXLEY, Author of "The Burgomaster," "King Dodo," "The Prince of Pilsen," etc. "WOULD YOU RATHER LIVE THAN DIE?" by DR. W. F. WAUGH, Editor of the American Journal of Clinical Medicine; also stories and articles by OPIE READ, ELLIOTT FLOWER, ROSWELL FIELD, MARGARET SANGSTER, GENERAL CHARLES KING, FORREST CRISSEY and others.



GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

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# Remarkable Short Stories in Collier's Fiction Numbers

Beginning with September, the last issue of each month will be a Fiction Number, largely devoted to short stories of exceptional character. The stories already selected are from the foremost writers in the English language, and cover a wide range of interest—romance, adventure, political and social tendencies, society, and every-day life. They are set on land and sea, and span the globe in their diversity of scene and subject. Some carry a message of enlightenment or the burden of "a great cause," as Kipling's "Adventures of Melissa" and Rowland Thomas's "McGennis's Promotion." Others are entertaining in a fascinating, vital way.

## OCTOBER FICTION NUMBER issued

### SEPTEMBER 26

**ROMANCE**—By Robert W. Chambers. A thoroughly dramatic war story, in which a captured spy is a woman and her captor is her lover. Full of excitement and nervous tension, it is handled with all the crispness of the author's "Iole" and his New York society sketches.

**THE ROAD AGENT**—By Stewart Edward White. The solution of a series of mysterious robberies that amazed and impoverished a California mining camp is so clean-cut and obvious, when you reach the last page of this story, that the reader is chagrined at not having leaped to it while the plot was still uncoiling.

**THE VENTURE OF THE FLYING HIND**—By James B. Connolly. A love story, filled with adventures on the sea, including a thrilling double rescue made by a girl by a clever piece of lead-swinging, like a cowboy lassoing. All through the story a band of Chinamen are in the background, smoking their opium, or grunting their appreciation of the hero's bravery in the dory.

## NOVEMBER FICTION NUMBER issued OCTOBER 31

**THE CUB REPORTER**—By Rex E. Beach. (Our Fiction Editors call this the strongest story of the year.) To all the mystery of a swift detective story is added the warm human qualities of an attractive boyish hero. It will rank as one of the few perfect newspaper stories—all motion and speed like newspaper life itself, tearing its heart out with its own intensity. It is a story that falls into place with Richard Harding Davis's "Gallagher" and Jesse Lynch Williams's "The Stolen Story."

**McGENNIS'S PROMOTION**—By Rowland Thomas. With a vivid story-telling gift the author has effectively dramatized "The White Man's Burden" and expressed it in human terms. He pictures the natives, half-devil and half-child, reaching out beseeching hands to the strong White Man who is in charge of their little cross-section

of chaos, and when the call comes to him to go to a larger job his people are broken-hearted. But most broken-hearted are the tiny girls whom he has been teaching and to whom he has been telling stories.

**HE ALSO SERVES**—By O. Henry. A tale of a heathen god, dead and turned to stone, who comes to life as his beloved approaches. The scene is laid in a ruined temple on a far-off island, and has an undertone of romance, and dead religions—and yet it is told in Bowery cocktail slang. It gives the effect of a funeral march played on a banjo. It is just one more of O. Henry's perfect stories, wherein he strikes the bull's-eye while he is looking the other way and shooting over his left shoulder.

## DECEMBER FICTION NUMBER issued NOVEMBER 28

**THE ADVENTURES OF MELISSA**—By Rudyard Kipling. The most biting, trenchant thing out of Kipling's brain within the past six years. A bitter and brilliant attack on Socialism. It is a story that will stir up angry controversy. These stabs at the communistic propaganda will surely be parried by Bernard Shaw or Jack London in some equally brilliant parable.

**THE BRIDE'S DEAD**—By Gouverneur Morris. A woman and three men are shipwrecked. One of the men is the woman's husband and one is a rough, coarse sailor who makes children of the others by his masterful manner. It is a tragic story, culminating in murder.

**IN THE MUSÉE**—By Harvey J. O'Higgins. For the last fifty years, the Bowery in New York City has fascinated tourists and habitués alike. It makes the stranger think of freak shows, brass-lunged music, panhandlers, thieves, and Chimmie Fadden. In all this vivid blare we are apt to forget that life is just as human on the Bowery as in a Scotch manse, and that the picturesque people who swear in dialect live their life of friendship and family life just like other folks. Mr. O'Higgins takes three Bowery characters—typical, loaded with temperament—and uncovers their human qualities. The "Professor" and the Professor's "wife," and the yelling "Kid" are lively Bowery characters, but they are also flesh and blood.

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Collier's  
*The National Weekly*



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begin in the October issue of The World's Work

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Sept. 12

# Collier's

Saturday, September 12, 1908



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### Volume XLI

### Number 25

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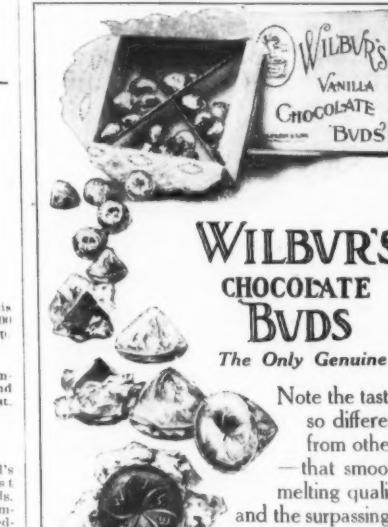
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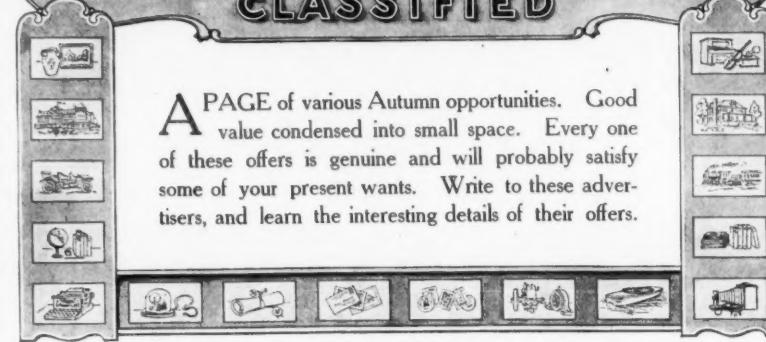
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</div



# ONCE UPON A TIME



The woods held secrets deep



Once—the witches rode



Dark cutlasses were fierce

By J. W. FOLEY

ONCE upon a time rare flowers grew  
On every shrub and bush we used to see,  
The skies above our heads were always blue,  
The woods held secrets deep for you and me;  
The hillsides had their caves where tales were told  
Of swart-cheeked pirates from a far-off clime,  
When cutlasses were fierce and rovers bold—  
Don't you remember?—Once upon a time.

ONCE upon a time from sun to sun  
The hours were full of joy—there was no care,  
And webs of gaudy dreams in air were spun  
Of deeds heroic and of fortunes fair;  
The jangling schoolhouse bell was all the wo  
Our spirits knew, and in its tuneless chime  
Was all the sorrow of the long ago—  
Don't you remember?—Once upon a time.

ONCE upon a time the witches rode  
In sinister and ominous parade  
Upon their sticks at night, and queer lights glowed  
With eery noises by the goblins made;  
And many things mysterious there were  
For boyish cheeks to pale at through the grime  
That held them brown; and shadows queer would stir—  
Don't you remember?—Once upon a time.

ONCE upon a time our faith was vast  
To compass all the things on sea and land  
That boys have trembled o'er for ages past,  
Nor ever could explain or understand,  
And in that faith found happiness too deep  
For all the gifted tongues of prose or rhyme,  
And joys ineffable we could not keep—  
Don't you remember?—Once upon a time.



J. Scott Williams

# Collier's

*The National Weekly*

P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers

Peter Fenelon Collier—Robert J. Collier, 416-424 West Thirteenth Street

NEW YORK



## Patience

**V**ANITY SOMETIMES is a consolation. It does give us some satisfaction, beyond denial, to remember our confidence that when Governor HUGHES allowed the charges against Mr. JEROME to be heard he took a step which would not injure but aid the District Attorney. Much of the public and most newspapers had swung from hero-worship, in a few months, all around to censure, and Messrs. PULITZER and HEARST were the leaders of the hunt. Now it has been all aired; the bringers of fierce charges have had their chance; and the reaction can set in—far earlier, we believe, than if the charges never had been brought. It takes a little time for things to come out right, and they do not come right always, but it is pleasant to call attention to them when they do. Health and prosperity to a man most of whose life has been given to the public service, and who has followed his conscience with boldness and persistency! It costs, this turn for investigating everybody and everything, but it seems to be a necessary step toward perfecting the machinery of self-government. It allows violent feelings to escape. It gives to the people needed facts. Probably it will teach patience and moderation, and the demand for it, in a calmer future, will be less.

## Stogies and Unions

**W**HEELING AND PITTSBURG are the homes of the stogy industry. Conditions of the trade in the Pennsylvania city are deplorable. These points were clearly stated in this paper, but a stogy manufacturer has protested that a reading of the editorial would lead a careless mind to infer that conditions in Wheeling are as demoralizing and unhealthful as those in Pittsburg. No such inference certainly is permissible from the editorial. Wheeling is far kinder and more just. In that city the effective agent in securing proper air, housing, and hours of employment has been the union.

## Happiness

**I**N THE PURPLE DISTANCES of the days to come perhaps some traveler, taking his stand on an uncompleted arch of St. John the Divine, may be aided in reconstructing the city of New York by the stories of O. HENRY. In his "Manhattan Nights" he has just been saying of the eye of a clerk in "one of those little hat-cleaning establishments on Sixth Avenue": "It was the eye of the Big City, which is an eye expressive of self-preservation, of challenge, curiosity, defiance, cynicism, and, strange as you may think it, of a childlike yearning for friendliness and fellowship that must be hidden when one walks among the stranger bands." So, with a light touch, he frequently says much, and here he touches what makes life endurable and even worth while. The financier and editor will tell you that their joy of life is in their work. The charity worker will say it consists in doing good. The crusader will find it in contributing to the future. But all of these answers will leave most men unmoved. Militant ethics do not stir. Work is too partial an answer. If you are happily placed, where daily work is the expression of inner life, happiness lies that way. But what of the accountant, with his weary ledger pages, and his \$12 a week, for all the years to come? And what of the shop-girl? Our little life is rounded with a sleep, and we must look more closely for the answer than to a happy circumstance that visits one person and leaves ninety-nine with work untouched by the creative impulse and unloved in the product. WALTER PATER pleaded for the "cloistral retreat" of books, but that retreat is fugitive and subject to invasion. The eyesight weakens, the head grows tired. That retreat is dependent on good fortune. The nearest answer to the question of happiness lies in the human relationships. No man ever gave out loyalty and affection to his friends without reaping for himself. Something in the constitution of things responds to friendliness. A man may be a profound scholar and go along his way unrecognized, but it is doubtful if the man ever lived who passed through life with a heart full of kindness and found no friend. Deeper than the dream of fame, and richer than the spirit of service and reform, are the human relationships. They lie at the tap-roots of being. They are a partial cure for the isolation that each individual carries with him

through life. When one feels hurt and solitary, it is wise to use that very wound as a sensitive recorder by which one passes into relation with the lives of others. To come into the obscure destiny of an office-boy or of a shop-girl, to know the very sources of their life, what they love and hate, their dances, the hope that is in them, and the vague dread—that is better than "cloistral retreat." It is to turn from one's own inflamed interior and merge with human life. It is as if a little pool, whose surface was scummed over, and whose depths were languid with water-weeds, were to be undammed and released to the river, with which it would flow to the sea.

## The Bourbons

**I**F THE TIDE SHOULD TURN, and Mr. BRYAN be elected, the most probable cause would be such Republican elements as CANNON, HOPKINS, SHERMAN, and the New York bosslets. Stupid old HOPKINS, chief perpetrator of the stand-pat features of the Republican platform, goes all the way from Illinois to Hot Springs to fill Mr. TAFT full of old-style Fourth of July protection to infant industries. Mr. HOPKINS has a very fair chance of retiring from public life next spring, which he certainly ought to do, if the Republican Party is to be anything better than the protector of private snaps. CANNON will probably win in his personally conducted Danville District, and what better assurance of protection will tobacco, sugar, steel rails, etc., need than the sturdy presence of Uncle JOE? The Republicans need a lesson, and a hard one. Wherever the Democratic nominee for Congress is more fair-spirited than his opponents, intelligent Republicans ought to vote for him, for the same reasons that they vote for Mr. TAFT. It is a time to disregard labels. Vote for the man who is right in intention, and who is also intelligent, bold, and free.

## Forcing Competition

**M**R. BRYAN'S SUGGESTION that common directors be not permitted on corporations which are naturally competitive belongs in the scrap-heap of discarded panaceas. The "dummy director" was invented to meet such regulations. The Directory of Directors is full of Smiths and Browns who do the bidding of the powerful. Moreover, Mr. BRYAN's recommendation is wrong in principle. It belongs with all those tried-and-found-wanting remedies of which the Sherman Anti-Trust Law is the most conspicuous. Mr. GOULD and Mr. HARRIMAN are human beings; they will meet in New York or in Europe, at work or at play; and they will fight or they will agree, just as their temperaments dictate, or as is demanded by their uppermost interests at any time. There is no modern tendency more clear than the trend toward larger units in practically every industry except farming. It is inevitable because it prevents waste and brings about untold economies. Attempts to head off this tendency, to keep the units small and competitive, are doomed to failure. They set statutory morality at a tug of war with economic progress. It may, however, be possible to harness them in the same team; to recognize the economic tendency, and devise means to regulate those units which are actual or probable monopolies. The Federal license system, recommended by both Mr. BRYAN and President ROOSEVELT, is an experiment in the line of this more possible course.

## Farming

**A**FARMER'S WIFE, describing her full and happy existence, asks if others can not find similar satisfaction on the farm. Surely others may! This couple is a self-respecting man and wife who would be puzzled to find themselves the beneficiaries of sympathy. At something less than middle age they have won a competence. For the light outdoors work which the wife has done, the race, for generations to come, will be her debtor. May the education which they are about to give their children not make those children less virile Americans. May the daughter not prefer bookkeeping to raking hay because the former is a gregarious occupation. "Charities and The Commons," the organ of a large group of earnest persons whose occupation is the carrying out of endowed charitable and philanthropic enterprises, says quite seriously that what needs to be done by the President's commission to make farm life more attractive will be to create a miniature Coney Island

at every other cross-roads. We quoted an intelligent expression of the large-farm-made-interesting view a few weeks since, but let us not forget the other side. The small farmer has been the strength of most strong nations. The lack of a Coney Island is not altogether a defect of farm life. Between the young city dweller, however poor, and the career of this successful and happy Iowa farmer and his wife, few obstacles stand, except lack of initiative, unwillingness to work, and generally that lack of the sturdier qualities of character which cause men of weaker fiber to cling close to Coney Island and the corner saloon, and seek the aid of philanthropy.

#### Socialism

**S**EEK ALWAYS THE BEST. While it is necessary to examine the faults of any system, it is even more requisite to understand its possibilities. No larger or more pressing question confronts the world than the extent to which the state should control the private life. Generally speaking, it controls it less than it did in the days of autocracy and slavery; more than it did when most of us were born. Socialism includes the belief that the functions of the state might be increased in such a way that the essential liberty of the average man would be increased. There are two socialisms, the religion and the party. That brilliant Socialist, H. G. WELLS, says that Socialism under a powerfully organized party would be the end of the spiritual Socialism, for which he stands. Doubtless TOLSTOY would say the same thing. "Any organization whatever," says WELLS, "that professes to stand for Socialism makes an altogether too presumptuous claim." We plan to publish in our November Fiction Number a striking story by RUDYARD KIPLING, which includes an indignant attack on Socialism, and probably the interest of that story would be increased for our more studious readers if they should read before then some uplifted and enlightened defense of the doctrine, such as WELLS's "New Worlds for Old." In the United States we get Socialism at its worst; the "Appeal to Reason" type, "class consciousness," jargon, narrowness, hatred. Read WELLS and you get a noble and liberal religion, which you may reject or accept, but which, at any rate, you must respect.

#### A Masterpiece

**N**EW WORLDS FOR OLD" is remarkable not only for the truth of its opinions, but for the beauty of its visions, the skill of its expression, the fine balance between generalization and detail. WELLS is one of the notable artists of the day as well as one of the notable thinkers of the day. He has that charity without which a modern religion can be nothing; that reasonableness without which agitation is more likely to be an evil than a good. "Socialism," says he, "is hope, but it is not assurance." It is a hope which is to be realized, if at all, by growth in knowledge, in intelligence, and especially in virtue. It is helped forward by all goods. Its friends are all humane reforms, all successful public administration. As a bureaucratic fiat it would be a stupid and short-lived oppression. Only as an improvement in human character, understanding, and sympathy can it grow. In that house also are there many mansions. Its whole foundation is Good Will. It is not jealous of prosperity, but only sympathetic with the ignorant, the anxious, the diseased. Its spirit is freedom of speech and writing, and universality of information, which, as WELLS, with calm and assured openness, declares, "do not figure in the fundamental creed of any Socialist body" yet. Those Socialist bodies "in the sheer power of untutored faith may destroy government and not replace it." Mr. WELLS's kind of Socialism can never be brought nearer by a liberal use of red flags. It is a doctrine not of hate, but of love. No better antidote to the hostile and dangerous kind of Socialism can be asked than an acquaintance with the kind represented by the author of this brilliant exposition.

#### A Chance in Jersey

**A**MONG YOUNG AMERICAN STATESMEN, no one, it seems to us, has a more invigorating tone of straightforwardness and common sense than EVERETT COLBY, who has done much to improve corporation-ridden New Jersey, and to free it and the Senate of Mr. DRYDEN. In an interesting address at Chautauqua recently, Mr. COLBY pointed out how the wave of political reform would naturally increase independent voting and diminish the effect of party labels, which stand now for no clear issues, each party wishing to stand as far as possible on general virtuous propositions. Another effect of the wave will be to stimulate primary reform. Jersey, fortunately, already has an improved primary, so that the effort of the machine to prevent Senator COLBY's renomination is rendered much more difficult. It all depends upon whether the Republicans of his district are awake or asleep on September 22. The machine will be awake. Here's hoping those not controlled by the machine will appreciate their opportunities.

#### September

**S**OME OF THE LOVELIEST DAYS of the year are at hand. It is the season of glowing orchards and tragic sunsets. All the work of the year is summed up in laden wagons and in barns that

are stacked as high as the swallow's nest. The ceaseless effort of the twelvemonth suddenly finds rich expression. It is like a full-toned clock striking the hour. It is a season of contentment after work, and it has the quality of all perfect art—the quality of melancholy, of what SHAKESPEARE called "a dying fall."

#### News

**W**HY SHOULD ONE LITTLE PLACE serve as bull's-eye consecutively? Chatham, New Jersey, is a town through which the commuters' fastest trains scot without a pause. One Tuesday morning not long since, news despatches told of a marvelous house, built by a Chatham carpenter, which revolved in accordance with its owner's humor—facing one way in summer, another in winter. The lady of the manor, in a fit of spite, one night set the structure to revolving, so that the weary husband was forced to chase round and round after his own front stoop. The name of Chatham figured again a few mornings later. This time the town had a remarkable hen. This creature—the property of one Mr. BUDD—had begun life like any other fowl; but one day, while exploring, she wandered across a floor spread with concrete still soft. There her feet stuck, and the concrete had "set" before Mr. BUDD found her. Her spirit remained unbroken and her faculties unimpaired. Eternally shackled in adamant, she bore her lot bravely for nearly a year, eating and laying eggs as usual, till set free by the inexorable Seythe-bearer. It is a detail of newspaper psychology that, once a place has been selected to stand for a certain kind of tale, new inventions are attached to that particular town to make them easy reading.

#### The Olympic Squabbles

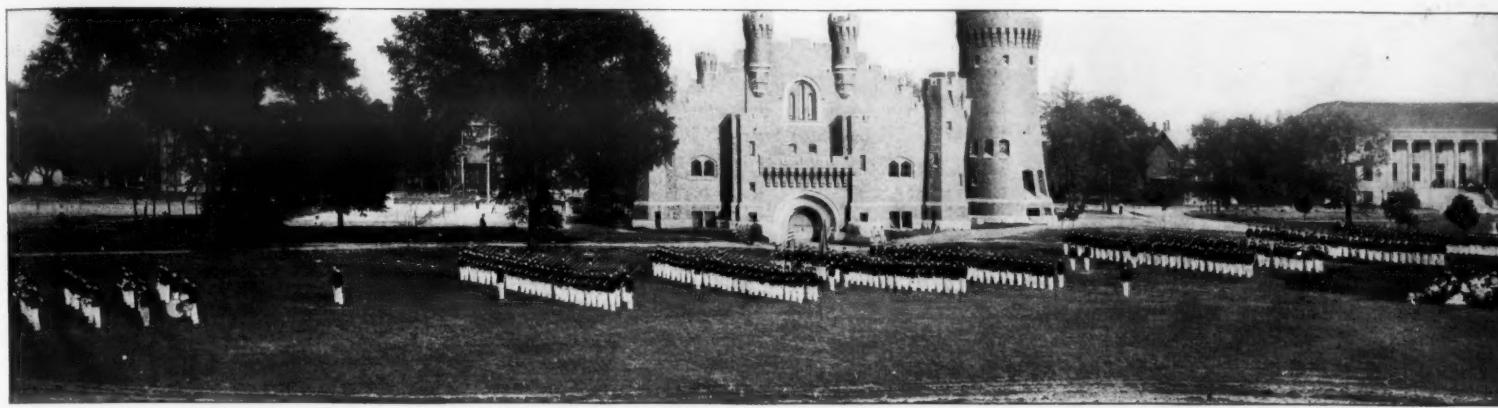
**M**R. CHESTERTON, unlike certain masters and overlords in paradox, is wholesome even when absurd. His sometimes ponderous reversals of fact, his often machine-made scintillations, have a solid underground. He has been recently speaking on the international games at Shepherd's Bush. "America," he says, "is a serious parody . . ." The Americans "have taken our relaxations and refused to relax an inch over them . . ." We must look in the American sportsman "not for the light vices of vain or sensual loungers, but for the solid vices of statesmen and fanatics, for the sins of men inflamed by patriotism or religion. He can not shake hands after the fight. He feels toward his conqueror as a man toward the invader who has robbed him of his country, or the atheist who has robbed him of his God. . . . The American is a bad sportsman because he is a good Jingo." Somewhat overexpressed, this; but acute. In various regions and circles in this country the same idea would be put in the statement that the Americans in the Olympic games behaved like "muckers."

#### Classifying Books

**A** MASSACHUSETTS LIBRARY takes into account the temperament for the sake of its readers. When "the dogged dog-days had begun to bite"—as an English poet has it—this library bulletined beside its card catalog several special lists of book titles compiled for the season and intended to cheer on the prospective reader. The captions of some lists run as follows:

- "Good Stories for Hot Weather."
- "Books Everybody Reads in Youth."
- "Some Good Short Stories."
- "Stories of the West."
- "Cheerful Tales to Read Aloud."
- "One Hundred of the Best Novels."
- "Thrillers: Novels of Surprising Adventures."
- "Cheerful Stories."
- "Stories That Most Men Like."
- "Just Pleasant Stories: Mostly Love Stories."
- "Books Which Children Like to Have Read to Them."

The lists in this library had been compiled in various places. Doubtless other libraries have somewhat similar methods. This device of offering familiar and confidential aid is part of a trend which is natural in popular libraries. In the future, similar captions may become more and more definite. We may find such classifications as: "Books for the Tired Mother," "Books for the Jaded Business Man," "Books for People Who Were Born and Bred in the Country," "Books for Boys and Girls Who Are in Their First Love Affairs." Speaking of love, by the way, a young Swede believes that the heart of woman will thrill in sympathy with certain colors and musical notes. To take advantage of this information, he has devised a pocket contrivance—a sort of first aid to the woer—combining a tiny flag tinged with the mystic colors and a little musical instrument whose notes will melt the heart of any damsel. Thus equipped, the lover is to do away with the old maneuvers; there will be no more need of sapping and mining, of slow siege and fearless storm; the heart's fortress will fall at the waving of the little flag and the vibration of the notes. If directions are followed, love's course will flow as regularly as a bit of Euclid. According to the books on love, however, whether essays, poems, or novels, there is a certain amount of doubt about whether the new Swedish method will act perfectly in practise.



*The Armory, and a squad of students drilling, at Ohio State University, Columbus. On the cover of this college's catalogue is printed this sentence: "The State has no material resources at all comparable with its citizens and no hope of perpetuity except in the intelligence and integrity of its people"*

# The Commonwealth College

*The Most Significant Development in American Educational Institutions in Recent Years Has Been the Rapid Growth of the State Universities. Competition with them Has Stimulated the Growth of Many of the Smaller Endowed Colleges and Materially Raised the Percentage of Population Enrolled in the Public Schools*

By RICHARD LLOYD JONES

**F**ROM the time when the American people began to feel the need of an independent national life they looked upon education as an essential element in its attainment. Counties and colonies endowed schools with liberal land grants, and individual fortunes laid the foundations of the colleges and universities to which, for more than a century, we have pointed with justifiable pride.

With the exception of but few localities, it was the general practise of every American commonwealth to maintain free schools, open to all who would use them, for instruction in the three primary "R's." These school-rooms soon became the people's classrooms, and their potency expanded because of the democracy which they expressed. The taxation that went for their maintenance was looked upon as the foundation of the people's liberty. The blackened walls that recorded the arithmetic tracings of the chalk-stick by day echoed the arguments of the contending forces of the township debating society at night. The spelling bee and "The Literary" both claimed it as their temple. Because it was the home of the community's interests and of mutual helpfulness, it was most natural that the schoolmaster often stayed after closing hours with some pupil as advanced as himself in the art of figures to work out an algebraic equation, which both time and timidity prohibited their doing in school.

American history is filled with the names of great men who proudly claim as their only alma mater the "destrict school." However abbreviated may have been its courses, its instruction in the elements of true democracy was never lacking.

As our national resources have been developed and our affluence increased, the boys who once worked out the value of  $x$  in the twilight hours with a teacher whose certificate called only for denominative numbers have done their part to supply the need they lacked, and so our upper—or high—schools have become part of the public trust.

There is not to-day a single State or Territory in the United States of America that does not make a specific provision, either through the county, city, or commonwealth government, for the maintenance of primary and secondary schools. This has become a universal practise throughout the nation, because in the minds of the American people no axiom is more firmly rooted than that good government and education are inseparably related.

This fundamental truth has brought the American people to realize also that the greatest good in government can come only through the broadest education. And if this hypothesis be accepted, the first duty of the state is to make good citizens. To do this, it must educate them and be prepared to skilfully conduct the education of each individual just so far as his abilities and needs may demand.

#### *Birth of the University of Democracy*

THE early builders of the nation were possessed of this conviction. Harvard was maintained for the first century and a half of its existence largely by commonwealth appropriation; George Washington urged the establishment of a national university and secured a site for it in the early surveys of the District of Columbia; Jefferson founded a free educational system in his State and crowned it with the University of Virginia at Charlottes-

ville; in 1791 the Legislature of Vermont made an appropriation and set aside a large land grant to maintain a commonwealth college, "to render the State respectable"; and in 1801 Georgia took upon herself the burden of building and maintaining a State university. But in 1816, out on the rolling short-timber lands of Indiana, the American educational idea was born. The rugged pioneer farmers who built the New England of the West declared in the Constitution of their State: "It shall be the duty of the General Assembly, as soon as circumstances will permit, to provide by law for a general system of education, ascending in a regular gradation from township schools to a State university, wherein tuition shall be gratis, and equally open to all."

Two years later the General Assembly of Indiana found these instructions practicable and established at Bloomington the State University that was to supplement the work of the lower schools in every part of the commonwealth. The wisdom of the frontier plowmen was soon demonstrated. The university of democracy grew and the American education idea took root. In 1831 it fastened itself upon Alabama. In 1837 the University of Michigan was born. In 1840 Missouri planned her university, and in 1848 the University of Mississippi was established, and Wisconsin, in the same year, surveyed her State campus and capitol park at the same time, placing them just one mile apart.

#### *Prohibitive Cost at Endowed Universities*

**F**OLLOWING these pioneer movements, in uniting the State with higher education, the old universities of North Carolina, Tennessee, and South Carolina, founded in 1779, 1794, and 1801, respectively, became State universities in fact, as they were in name. State after State acknowledged its educational obligation, and State universities, scientific, agricultural, and industrial colleges have grown in every part of the Union, until to-day there are upward of half a hundred State institutions of advanced learning. Every State in the Union—excepting New York, New Jersey, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island—has its own college. The exceptions are the States in which are located the oldest and most widely known endowed colleges, such as Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Princeton, Brown, and Dartmouth.

These are the States whose public education is not systematized and perfected in such a way that the commonwealth can conduct the full instruction of its citizens. It may take them only so far as the college door when it must turn them over to a college corporation to complete their education, which charges them a substantial fee for such services. Here, then, are the institutions that are forced to battle hardest against the growth of the commonwealth colleges. The comparison of three typical institutions of each class clearly shows the growth of American democracy as expressed in her institutions of higher learning. Harvard, Yale, and Princeton are all types of the endowed American university. The Universities of Illinois, Nebraska, and Texas are typical of the commonwealth institutions. Harvard is over two and one-half centuries old, Yale is more than two centuries old, and Princeton has passed her one hundred and fiftieth birthday, while the Universities of Illinois and Nebraska are neither yet forty years old, and the University of Texas is but twenty-five. Twenty years ago the total enrolment of Yale, Harvard, and Princeton was 3,593; the total enrolment of Illinois, Nebraska, and Texas was 1,156. To-day Yale, Harvard, and Princeton have a student population of 9,172, while

Illinois, Nebraska, and Texas number 9,925 students. In other words, while these famous old colleges gained a total increase of attendance of 5,575, these three State universities gained 8,469.

In the last five years Harvard has, for the first time in her history—excepting war interruptions—found her registration diminishing. President Eliot has explained it, upon the ground that Harvard had formerly received a large percentage of students from Western States, who now, owing to the growth and efficiency of their State universities, are getting their education nearer home. Another item which contributes to this transition is that of cost. The tuition alone of the average endowed college ranges from \$100 to \$200 a year. The president of Columbia University has recently recommended that the tuition in that college be raised to \$250. With but few exceptions, where the tuition is nominal, the State universities are free to all citizens of the State. The tuition alone of the endowed colleges must, in the nature of things, keep from college many boys who are eager for its privileges.

Stories are common of the young men who work their way through Yale, Harvard, Cornell, and other colleges. This is praiseworthy, though it must be admitted that the State university gives this student the privilege of just \$100 or \$200 worth more of time to study than the endowed college can. The endowed college, to be sure, frequently makes special dispensations for its poor student. But this is putting him on a basis not shared by his fellow classmate. And even if this were not a serious matter in itself, it would still impose the penalty of a high tuition fee upon the poor but eager youth who could get some real and helpful training out of a college laboratory, but who is neither gifted nor brilliant enough to win the special dispensation.

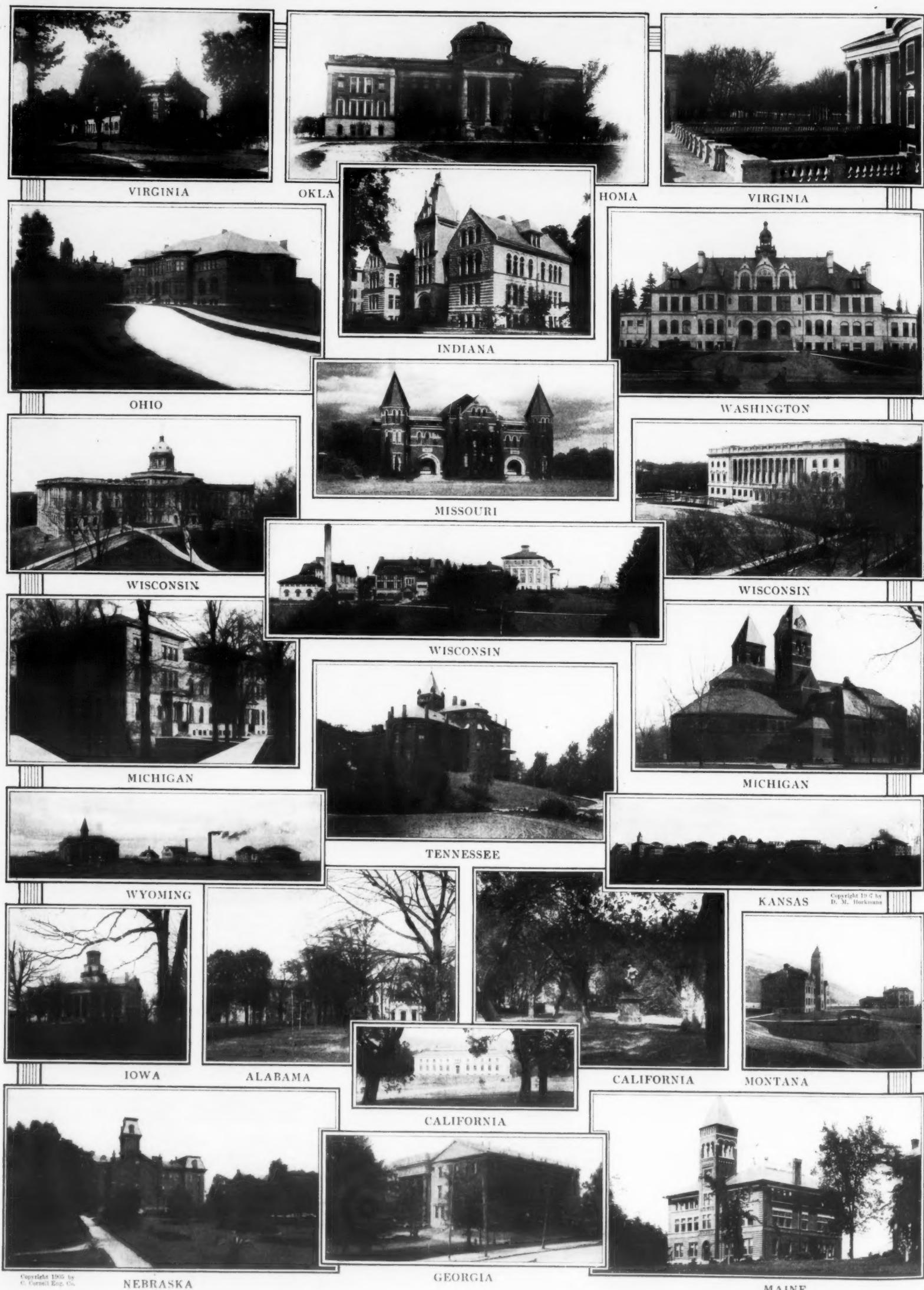
No American college illustrates better than Cornell how the endowed institution, however nobly conceived, defeats the true democratism it professes, which is possible only to the people's college. Realizing that the older colleges of the East imposed obvious limitations, Ezra Cornell established upon his farm, just outside of Ithaca, New York, a university in which "any person can find instruction in any study." Yet this splendid college to-day demands in tuition not less than \$400 before carrying a student through a four years' college course.

In his effort to realize his dream of a truly democratic college, the founder of Cornell provided for free tuition for one student from each Assembly District in the State of New York who should possess superior ability, and which should be in the nature of a reward for superior scholarship in the academies and public schools of the State. There are 150 Assembly Districts in the State of New York. Out of over seven million people Ezra Cornell provided special privileges for the education of but 150 students, and to secure this they must, as the Cornell Year Book puts it, "possess superior ability."

#### *Trained Citizens vs. Trained Soldiers*

**M**R. CORNELL was in the New York State Senate when he founded his university. He did a great and noble thing. But he would have done a far greater thing had he given less and persuaded his colleagues to cooperate with him in establishing a commonwealth university—which New York needs no less than Texas. It is not only the "student of superior ability" that need concern the State. It is also the student of "average ability" that the commonwealth should reach and encourage. For as every individual gains in mental strength, so grows the State in power. The guardian genius of democracy is always the cultivated mind. It is the only dictator that freemen acknowledge and the only security that freemen desire. If the Government of the United States can afford to pay every cadet at West Point \$500 a year to study soldierly, can our States better safeguard our future than by giving a broad and liberal education to every American youth who can take it? Is not a trained citizen at least as essential to a republic as a trained soldier? Our State universities are supplying this need of democracy and this security for the commonwealth by graduating thousands of boys who have gone through college on what their tuition alone would have cost in a private or corporation college, and which tax would have prohibited their education. A large number of these students who have profited by the State's instruction would not have been recognized as

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Colleges of the Commonwealths

## Collier's

"possessing superior ability." It is not always the boy of highest class standing who achieves the most in life. James Russell Lowell was a notably poor student. There are United States Senators, Governors, and prominent men in all walks of life to-day who are counted great successes, who would not have been regarded as possessing "superior ability" in their college days. It is the State's business to give every one a chance—no matter how poor or however much he may lack promise. Yet Cornell, boasting of liberality, offers it to but 150 out of New York's million and a half school population. And Cornell is the nearest approach the great Empire State has to a commonwealth college. Should not the children of this greatest and wealthiest State have the right to expect as much from their commonwealth as do the children of Indiana or Illinois, of Texas or Tennessee?

New York State, with her multiplicity of excellent private colleges, could do no better for the development of higher education among the people than to take over the university that Senator Cornell founded and make it her own. Even Yale and Harvard to-day are not without those far-seeing friends and alumni who hope to see the Commonwealths of Connecticut and Massachusetts accept these great educational endowments, with the approval of the corporations that now control them, and, subsidizing them with State funds, make them practically free to every student within the commonwealth's lines. This is neither a charitable work on the part of the State nor the giving of something for nothing to the affluent. It is the State's investment in progress; it is the State's system of building a surer and greater future. The student leaves his college in debt to the State and pays his obligation in good citizenship and the expansion of the common interests through the development of resources and the intelligent administration of affairs. The relation of the State to the student has never been better defined than in a sentence stamped on the cover of the catalogue of the Ohio State University which reads: "The State has no material resources at all comparable with its citizens and no hope of perpetuity except in the intelligence and integrity of its people."

The results of this new expression of democracy in education are significant. The old Bay State has long been estimated the most literate State in the Union. How long she may retain this distinction remains to be seen, but she has already lost her claim of being the first collegiate State in the Union. Within her survey stand the proud and honored ivy-grown walls of Harvard, Williams, Amherst, Smith, Wellesley, Tufts, Boston University, and others, while Nebraska has no institution of higher learning of note except its State University at Lincoln. Yet the statistics of the United States Bureau of Education show that Nebraska has one regular collegian for each 409 of her population, while Massachusetts, with

all her colleges, has but one in 600. Nor is Nebraska an exception. These same statistics show us that more people are going to college in the West to-day than are attending in the East. For instance, in Minnesota there

surely the pioneer commonwealth builders, who in 1816 asked their General Assembly to build as promptly as circumstances would permit a graded system of State instruction that would cover every branch of learning, from the lowest to the highest, built more wisely than they knew.

Out of the total enrolment in Yale University considerably less than one-third are residents of Connecticut. At Harvard, a little more than one-half are Massachusetts men, and at Princeton nearly three-fourths of the students come from other States. Nearly ninety-five per cent of the students of the leading State universities are residents of these States respectively. President Eliot has pointed to this growth and warned the endowed colleges that with each succeeding year they may look for a less proportionate patronage from the States maintaining commonwealth colleges. President Hadley of Yale has pointed to the same conditions. Indeed, because of this, there is already a very formidable movement under way to make the old, though recently developed, University of Pennsylvania a State university in fact, while Harvard and Yale themselves are, as we have seen, not without alumni who hope for some such affiliation of their alma mater with the State.

One of the important influences developed by the commonwealth college is its promotion of the lower schools.

The percentage of population enrolled in the common schools is:

Of New York	16.77
Of Wisconsin	23.22
Of Massachusetts	16.39
Of Iowa	24.82
Of Rhode Island	15.63
Of Nebraska	26.35
Of Connecticut	16.68
Of Kansas	25.86
Of New Jersey	16.89
Of North Dakota	24.34

The State university is the highest expression of the people's interest in education. In Tennessee and West Virginia the State universities have come forward with remarkable rapidity and the percentage of population in public schools in each State is above 24. Oklahoma has already developed a strong university and the education of the new State has been organized about it, with the result that over 25 per cent of her population is found in her public schools to-day. And Arizona has about the same commendable average. But a more consistent illustration of the State university's influence on State education lies in two conservative neighbor States—New Hampshire and Maine.

In 1890 the percentage of New Hampshire's population in the common schools was 15.44; to-day it is (Maine has, since 1890, established a State university) 21.10.

In 1890 the percentage of Maine's population in the common schools was 15.39; to-day it is (Maine has, since 1890, established a State university) 21.10.

These figures not only mean that more pupils go to

(Continued on page 24)

### COMPARISON OF ATTENDANCE AT FIFTEEN ENDOWED COLLEGES WITH FIFTEEN STATE COLLEGES FOR A TERM OF TWENTY YEARS

ENDOWED COLLEGES	1888 <sup>1</sup>	1908 <sup>2</sup>	COMMONWEALTH COLLEGES	1888 <sup>1</sup>	1908 <sup>2</sup>
Allegheny College	139	289	University of California	541	3,565
Amherst College	355	513	University of Georgia	316	2,360
Bowdoin College	261	304	University of Kansas	483	2,063
Brown University	260	930	University of Michigan	1,850	5,010
<sup>3</sup> Columbia University	1,602	4,096	University of Minnesota	412	4,200
Cornell University	1,005	3,734	University of Missouri	623	2,536
Dartmouth College	418	1,219	University of Nebraska	406	3,350
Harvard University	1,810	4,433	University of North Carolina	203	890
Lafayette College	278	442	University of Tennessee	426	755
Princeton University	603	1,301	University of Texas	250	1,832
University of Pennsylvania	1,172	4,279	University of Illinois	509 <sup>4</sup>	4,743
Vassar College	300	1,000	University of Wisconsin	637	4,014
Washington and Jefferson College	215	440	Indiana University	398	2,050
Williams College	282	475	State University of Iowa	554	2,305
Yale University	1,180	3,433	Ohio State University	343	2,686
Total	9,880	26,893	Total	7,952	42,859

<sup>1</sup> Figures taken from the catalogues of the respective institutions for the year closing June, 1888.

<sup>2</sup> Figures furnished by the registrars of the respective institutions.

### FORTY-SEVEN ENDOWED COLLEGES AND FORTY-SEVEN COMMONWEALTH COLLEGES

ENDOWED COLLEGES	1898 <sup>1</sup>	1908 <sup>2</sup>	COMMONWEALTH COLLEGES	1898 <sup>1</sup>	1908 <sup>2</sup>
Allegheny College	326	289	<sup>5</sup> University of Alabama	658	1,060 <sup>6</sup>
Amherst College	377	513	University of Arizona	156	69
Beloit College	414	303	University of Arkansas	790	1,684
Boston University	1,454	1,459	University of California	2,196	3,565
Bowdoin College	379	304	University of Cincinnati	456	1,264
Brown University	909	930	University of Colorado	700	1,044
Bryn Mawr College	310	407	University of Florida	— <sup>7</sup>	105
Bucknell University	419	538	University of Georgia	470	2,860
Colby College	220	242	University of Idaho	300	550
<sup>8</sup> Columbia University	2,422	4,096	University of Illinois	1,750	4,743
Cornell University	1,835	3,734	University of Kansas	1,064	2,063
Dartmouth College	670	1,219	University of Maine	320	788
Denison University	278	584	University of Michigan	3,229	5,910
De Pauw University	480	850	University of Minnesota	3,010	4,290
Georgetown University	684	781	University of Mississippi	296	300 <sup>9</sup>
Hampden-Sydney College	155	180	University of Missouri	818	2,536
Harvard University	128	127	University of Montana	203	393
Hobart College	4,253	4,438	University of Nebraska	1,915	3,350
Johns Hopkins University	94	105	University of Nevada	335	367
Kenyon College	611	675	University of New Mexico	100	160
Knox College	175	118	University of North Carolina	670	890
Lafayette College	650	625	University of North Dakota	362	875
Lehigh University	310	412	University of Oklahoma	220	700
Leland Stanford University	321	698	University of Oregon	300	714
Middlebury College	1,224	1,738	University of South Carolina	189	281
Ohio Wesleyan University	106	203	University of South Dakota	355	417
Princeton University	1,311	1,099	University of Tennessee	598	755
Roanoke College	191	206	University of Texas	800	1,832
Rutgers College	168	255	<sup>10</sup> University of Utah	567	1,428
Smith College	1,070	1,482	University of Vermont	539	499
Swarthmore College	186	322	University of Virginia	600	785
Syracuse University	1,092	3,117	University of Washington	239	1,380
Trinity College	135	208	University of Wisconsin	1,767	4,014
Tulane University	856	1,792	University of Wyoming	186	250
Union College	195	280	College of the City of New York	1,132	1,208
University of Chicago	2,500	5,070	Delaware College	91	189
University of Pennsylvania	2,834	4,279	Indiana University	1,049	2,050
University of Rochester	216	244	Iowa State College	589	1,664
Vassar College	614	1,000	Louisiana State University	250	635
Washington and Jefferson College	340	440	Miami University	145	1,077
Washington and Lee College	140	478	Ohio State University	1,159	2,686
Wesleyan College	654	1,209	Pennsylvania State College	435	1,386
Western Reserve University	750	914	Purdue University	203	1,050
Williams College	388	475	State University of Iowa	750	1,901
Yale University	2,500	3,433	State University of Kentucky	1,331	2,305
Total	36,907	53,532	State University of Kentucky	431	1,063
			West Virginia University	345	1,517
			Total	31,653	70,013

<sup>1</sup> Figures furnished by the presidents of the respective institutions.

<sup>2</sup> Figures furnished by the registrars of the respective institutions.

<sup>3</sup> Including Barnard College.

<sup>4</sup> Including Radcliffe College.

<sup>5</sup> Including Newcomb College.

<sup>6</sup> Including Alabama Polytechnic Institute.

<sup>7</sup> Estimated.

<sup>8</sup> University of Florida founded in 1905.

<sup>9</sup> Including Utah Agricultural College.

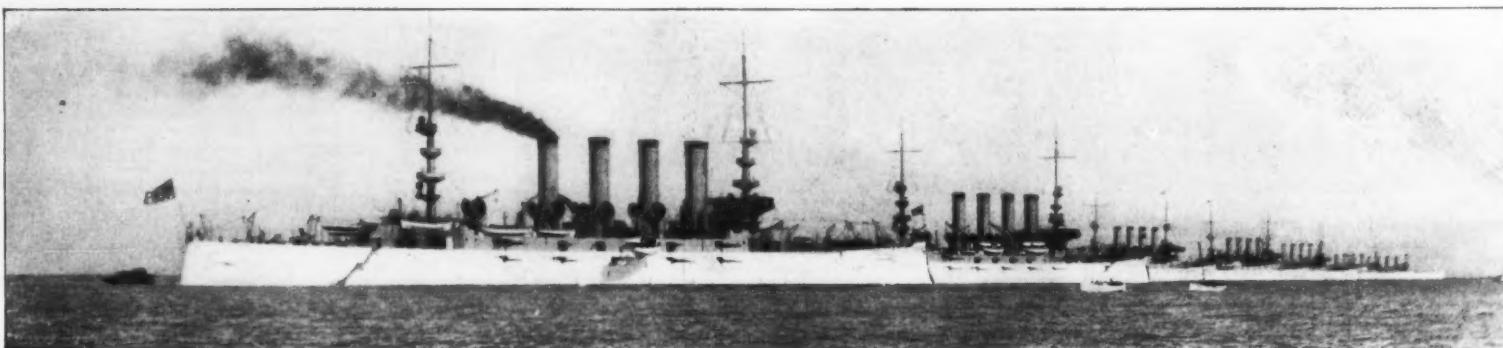


Mr. Kern Accepting the Democratic Vice-Presidential Nomination at Indianapolis on August 25



Pageant in Honor of Olympic Victors

Probably a quarter of a million spectators lined both sides of Fifth Avenue, New York City, for over three miles, from Forty-sixth Street to the City Hall, on the afternoon of August 29, to pay the tribute of praise to the American victors in the recent Olympic Games in the London Stadium against the nations of the world. The winning athletes rode in automobiles escorted by 15,000 troops and civic and athletic bodies. The awarded medals were presented to the champions by Acting-Mayor McGowan, when the parade terminated at the City Hall. "Johnny" Hayes, who won the famous Marathon, received an especially vociferous oration



Four Thousand Feet of Solid Cruiser

#### Cruisers of the Pacific Fleet

ON AUGUST 24 eight armored cruisers, constituting the first and second divisions of the Pacific fleet, and each towing a torpedo-boat destroyer, left San Francisco for a three months' cruise to the South Seas. The average length of each cruiser is 503 feet. The distance between each is 400 yards. From the *South Dakota*'s stern to the *West Virginia*'s bow is two and one-third miles, of which about 4,000 feet is solid cruiser. The divisions are under the command of Rear-Admirals Sebree and Swinburne.

#### Floods Entail Heavy Losses

DURING the week of August 24-29 four Southern States—Georgia, Virginia, and the two Carolinas—suffered serious losses in life, property, and crops from heavy rains and freshets, which assumed the proportions of a flood, reaching in some localities a height of forty feet. Nineteen lives were reported lost at Camden, South Carolina, and between ten and fifteen at Augusta, Georgia. Over a million dollars' worth of property was destroyed or ruined. The main business street in Augusta—Broad—was practically inundated, the water submerging many stores to a height of five feet. Boats were employed to navigate the canal-roads from block to block; electric lights were extinguished; railroad and street-car traffic was temporarily blocked; factories and mills were shut down; bridges were washed away; both telegraph and telephone communication was cut off, and many acres of crops were destroyed.



Flooded Street in August, Georgia

# My Conception of the Presidency

## BY HASHIMURA TOGO

San Francisco, July 25

To Editor COLLIER WEEKLY, which are eager to make a fair judge for thoughts of all Great Mans, however sneaking &amp; humble they may be:

DEAR SIR:

At same moment while I are inking these thoughts for fond reminder, two somewhat immortal Americans is listening for formal announcement that they are expected to be Presidents. They have got a slight suspicion that maybe they was mentioned for some job, but it would be very bad tasty for them to look otherwise than surprise when Hon. Committee with flours make step-up and say-out, "You are a Nominate!"

## II

SON. TAFT are at Warm Springs training for strength so he will not die a shocky death when he learn this suddenly. At humbel village of Lincoln, Neb., where Hon. Bryan live like a Grand Duke of simple taste, that eminent representor of Common Persons set by bay-window enjoying nervous collapse.

"Set quiet, Hon. Wm., and look courageous like a photo," say Hon. Wife to he. "Tumult & shouting die and who knows what?" "I are strangely disturb," say Wm., arranging his face to look like a famous Roman janitor. "Something tell me that maybe I are nominate to highest office in gift of Tammany Hall. Pretty soonly Hon. Committee must come riding up-hill to say it, and I hope they will be darnly quick about it. At first I must be astonished speechless—but I can seldom remain long in such a conditions. I must hesitate & comprise myself with slightly cracked voice for emotion, then I must read typewritten address of 280,000 words of a entirely impromptu nature. O surely Politicks is filled with surprises!"

Mr. Editor, some weeks in passed-by Hon. Taft & Hon. Bryan wrote a delicious page of large type for COLLIER WEEKLY on subjeck. "My Conception of the Presidency." Of surely them two Presidents know what is they are talking about. Speeches of Hon. Taft is found in rolls of Fame, and speeches of Hon. Bryan is found in rolls of Edison Phonograf. And yet there was something deceptive & sidewise about them articles they wrote for COLLIER'S, because they sounded so. Hon. Taft say:

"A President should be like Hon. Roosevelt, only less so. He should be like a piano of upright build with some grand square qualities. He should be the First Magistrate and also the Principal Policeman in the kingdom. He should be good as he are lonesome. He should treat all Trusts in a beastly manner and uphold Truth & Justice so long as it do not hurt National Prosperity. I shall do all these things, thank you, orders promptly attended to, telephone service day & night. Also I shall look just as much like Hon. Abe Lincoln as health & strength will permit me to do it."

Hon. Bryan say:

"A President should be like Hon. Theodore Roosevelt only more so. Malefactors, etc., needs not cringe off from me for fearful that I will burn up America when I am elected. Because I can't. A President are only a bluff. He don't amount to a rolling-pin. Hon. American Govt. are a system of checks & balances, so a President are deliciously powerless when he wish to reform it. I promise to be helpless as possible. Could I reform Hon. Currancy from jaggy path of debocery by feeding him Gold Cure or something? Ah no! What could I do with them naughty Currency when Senator Alrich are tempting him away with rakish eye-wink? To increase weakness of my position I am willing to consult Hon. Vice-President on all matters of no importance and talk kindly to him on National subjects where common-sense are not expected. I believe in deep breathing & outdoor exercise, but I are cross about that woolley tariff of sheep and should be insulted if offered a second term. Otherways I are willing to act like a Majority on all occasions and what I think about Brounsville Affair are a matter of private conscience which I refuse to discuss by advice of Hon. Campaign Manager."

Mr. Editor, I entertain some scolds for you. How sinful to ask them there Hon. Candidates to write such opinions! When a man expect to be a President do you expect him to tell the candied truth about what he think of the job? When a man are nominate for Dog Catcher he are often sly and deceptive before election—how then you expect a Nominee for Pres. of the U. S. to make crystal speeches which might be saw through at once and spoil everything? Nobody what are wistful about a job will tell exact truth about what he think. If I ask for job of Hon. Window Wash at Mills Bldg & Janitor Boss say: "Hashimura, told me transparently what you think of this job"—what I answer for reply?

I say: "It are a very delicate job of extreme fineness. It are a high-horse privilege for Japanese Boy to be able wash windows for Hon. Mills. Though it require great skill & courdege to shine such lofty glass pains, yet I flatten myself that I got such a power more briskly than other Japanese Boys which is apt to be laxy in sense of duty where it should be tightest. Hon. Janitor, I feel myself unworthy of such a jobs, yet I know I ain't. Therefore give it to me because of merit."

I say all them things, Mr. Editor, because I am a candidate for them high post of Window Wash. Therefore I am prejudicial about it. But if Hon. Janitor ask Cousin Nogi, who do not desire such a jobs because of his lazy spine, what-say Cousin Nogi? He-say: "A Window Wash require some muscles, but very little intelligence. Hashimura Togo are not safe to stand on such a altitudes because he thinks poems; therefore if he gets it he will swim off of 10th story window & burst his fooly neck."

Hon. Taft & Hon. Bryan are too sympathetick with such jobs to talk straight. Why not ask some gentlemans what never expects to be White Housers to give view on Presidency? Hon. Hearst on "My Conception of the Presidency" would be very bright & could get Hon. Brisbane to write it for him. Hon. Alt. Parker, Hon. Patty McCarron, or Hon. John Wanamaker would talk deliciously true & sinical. But do not ask Hon. Foraker, please, because he would write it "My Conception of the President" & decuss other nigger problems which are no longer a delicacy.

I. ANAZUMA, Japanese barber, where I go for I. get my cheek whittled, say-me: "Who could express such a conception about being a Pres. and not lie about it?"

"I could," is answer for me. "I am best be-fatted for such a talk because I are entirely unsympathetick & not entile to a white vote like Hon. Booker Washington and other darks."

"Why you no write such a conception for COLLIER WEEKLY?" is snuggestion from him.

"I are not yet requested," is erupt from me.

"You are a modish violet," is vocal from Hon. Suds. "Therefore say it secretly."

"If I was President," I rake out, "I should be divided into 2 parts. The  $\frac{1}{2}$  part of me should be radikal & kind of dangerous; but the other  $\frac{1}{2}$  portion should safely set upon the Constitution and keep it pressed."

"Would such a double lives be decent?" commit Hon. Anazuma.

"In such high positions, yes," I dabble. "A ideel Pres. of these U. S. should be a cross between Theodore Roosevelt & Chester A. Arthur. With one hand he should affectionately protect the interests of the People while with the other he should be nice to the people of the Interests. If it are necessary for him to be 2 places at once he must go there. When requested he must attend a Idaho Miners' Noyes Barbecue full of malice for them Hon. Malefactors; but he must not neglect a invitation to Insurance Scandalous Banquet where he can set by Hon. Paul Morton and talk like a Injunction."

"So shocky!" say I. Anazuma with razor. "It are shamefully difficult to shave such a two-faced Japanese."

"In antique times of pagan Rome," I dib, "there was a deliciously heathen god named January who was able to look in 2 directions with a double face. On one side he had a face like Hon. Judge Landis, on the other a expression like Hon. Judge Grosscup. When malefactors of great wealth go to Judge Landis side of them two-face idol they was filled with shivers because of their sinful rebates; so they crawl around to Judge Grosscup side and was forgiven. But when malefactors of great poverty get in front of them Grosscup face to make kick against Olive Oil Trust, they almost went to jail for their crimes, so they hurry around to Judge Landis face and was comforted to know that taking rebates from Harriman was sinner than taking silverware from a Soldiers' Home."

"I am delicious to know" say Hon. Anazuma who are studying to be a Y. M. C. A., "that them heathen idol January were bursted by hatchets of early Christian parents."

"He were finally bursted," I rebuke, "but he last for several 1000's of year & were a nicely successful god. He were popular like a circus for long lines of Hon. Politicians what wish to learn-how. What-say Mr. Vergil, famous Roman poet, about them god January? He-say, 'Get there, January!' which have been a politiekal motto every since."

"Have that disgusting January got any temples in America?" require Hon. Anazuma.

"In Pennsylvania State Capitol there is pagan pictures of Hon. Mat Quay and other local gods," I dib deceptively. "I shall not be wonderful if portrait of Hon. January are grafted among nearly everything else in that famous art saloon."

"When you are President how you stand on publick ownership of R. Rs?" require Hon. Barb.

"About publick ownership I are safely insane," I report. "Publick should be allowed to own R.Rs gradually. With each Pullman ticket Hon. Passenger might get a blue transfer which entitle him to 1 share R. R. stock if he present it at office of Sec. of Agriculture 2,000,000 years from date."

"Would American people get such a ownership then?" ask he.

"What say Wm. Jenny Bryan about publick ownership?" I reject. "He-say, 'Publick ownership of R. Rs must take place in eventual time.' Them 2,000,000 years from date will be a 'eventual time.' won't it not?"

"In 2,000,000 year what would 'American publick own'?" are question for Anazuma.

"At least they would own them blue transfer slips," I renig with deceptive expression of a Campaign Contribution.

LATE Sunday p. m. Arthur Kickahama give L to me for Campaign Contribution a live dog which is a Hon. Pup. It are a very infant mammal with a emotional tail and cultivated by flees. Arthur rescue them Dog while being kicked from a wharf by a educated gentleman who was drunk.

"It are a vulgar variety," I snip for objection because I are nervous about expensive food for such a dum friend.

"It may grow up to be refined," say Arthur carelessly.

"What breed of Dog are it?" is next fuss from me.

"Not certainly sure," say Arthur. "Hon. Strunsky who are a sport say 'It are a he-dog,' so I suppose it are such a breed."

I regard this Hon. Pup with thoughts. He throw me a very doggy gaze & thump banzai on floor with his snubbed appendix. My heart become soft-boiled with love. I can't not turn a dog away in such a hot weather when he are apt to be bit by a rabb & get it. So I possess him by chains and enjoy worry about his breed which are full of spots with a bursted ear.

S. Wanda, Japanese Socialist, say he should be named "Tariff" because he need revising immediately. Cousin Nogi announce, "He should be named 'Injunction' because he were kicked off a platform."

"I shall not call such names to a mere dog," I gratify. "Therefore I shall chisen him 'O-Fido' what was name of a famous Japanese grocer what live happy for 1000 year and died from being too joyful."

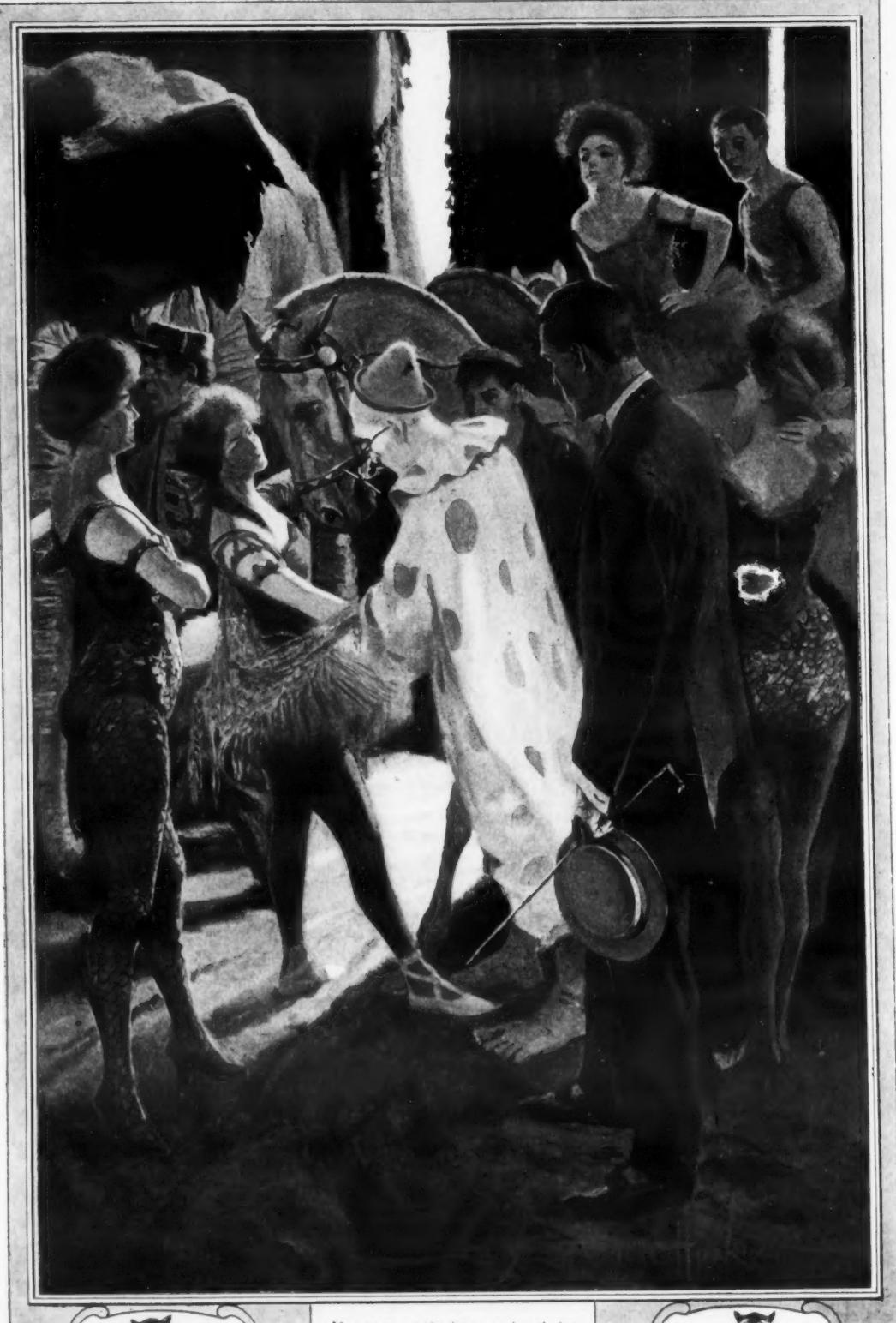
So I got O-Fido in bedstead with me where he practise barks at Hon. Rats all night till Japanese persons sleeping in this house can not do so & report tearful complaints to Hon. Landlord who is a malefactor & say: "You are a nusance besides 3-week remit with rent." Moral of this is: Be kind to them dum beasts & you will get paid off.

Yours truly,  
HASHIMURA TOGO.

S.P.—Who will be the First Baby in the Land now that Quentin Roosevelt have refused a Third Term? Little Charlie Taft are studying childish pranks so he can hold them position of Publick Cuteness. Hon. Steam Shovelers' Union of Panama is first to give Hon. Taft a union card. Hon. Steam Rollers' Union should be ashamed of their slowness!

H. T.

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No more an outsider, but as good as the best

## The Queen of the Sawdust Ring

*A Behind-the-Scenes Story of the Circus*

By ARTHUR RUHL

**I**T WAS nearly noon, but the interior of Madison Square Garden still lay in melancholy twilight. Outside a cold March rain was falling, and the glass roof was blanketed with fog and mist. The arena was a yawning cave, chill, damp, rank with the odor of acrid disinfectant and stale tobacco smoke. Through it vibrated a persistent hammering—from carpenters, from trapeze-riggers aloft on the roof-girders—as though the very place itself were exasperated and complaining.

Droves of canvasmen stumbled about, gaping at orders, in everybody's way. On a stage of fresh pine boards, in the center of the arena, a flock of dull-eyed, underfed young men—destined, with the addition of baggy red trousers, white gaiters, and wooden muskets, to be the Original Peking Zonaves, to scatter and flow

together in kaleidoscopic formations and electrify the circus audience by sealing a canvas fort—shuffled through their evolutions, deaf to cursing, mechanical as marionettes. A few performers were at work on the tambar. Their spangles and silk tights were packed away in blue wooden chests in the dressing-rooms; their strong and supple bodies hidden by soiled bloomers and flannel blouses of a shabby gray. Those not working huddled in the arena boxes like damp chickens keeping out of the rain.

In one of these boxes sat a little girl and a young man with red hair. She wore a red tam-o'-shanter and a short loose tan jacket ornamented down the front with two rows of large white buttons—a not immediately definable little person, whose general and unmistakable air of "little girl" was quaintly modified by hair "done up" in the back and tiny imitation-diamond earrings. The freckled-faced young man looked round

at her from time to time—disclosing, as he turned his head, a strong, straight neck and little, close-set ears—and finally he said, earnestly—beseechingly, indeed, in so far as the natural crinkling of his eyes would admit—although without removing the cigarette from the corner of his mouth:

"If you'd only try once, Dallie—you could do anything if you'd try."

The little girl paid no attention to this appeal, and, sitting straight, looked out into the arena with a sort of melancholy pertness.

"Gee!" she murmured, "I wish I had a million dollars!"

"Aw say!" The young man shifted about in his chair and smoked with increased violence. "You make me weary," he said, shortly. "Why, if you'd only work a little—"

The little girl sighed deeply, patted her back hair and carefully pressed her hands down about her hips with the air of one determined to preserve her figure at all hazards.

"I'm tired of the show business," she said languidly.

The young man shrugged his shoulders and mumbled something about "working up an act together," which, apparently, he did not venture to enunciate with greater emphasis. He smoked gloomily for a time, then suddenly leaned toward her and put his arm on the back of her chair.

"Dallie," he said, "you can't be a kid forever. You've got to make good. Now if you—" He paused, watching her face, proceeding laboriously—"if we—Look here, Dallie—if you and me was to—"

"You've certainly got your nerve, Mr. Reagan!" the little girl said quickly. She smiled her disdain and moved into the next chair.

And at this Reagan pulled himself together and departed, as he had done many times before, and presently found himself beside the arena entrance, telling his troubles to Miss La Fleur. She was a creature of so exotic and alien a strain that confession was robed of shame, and, being French and black as a raven, she doubtless found a certain piquancy in freckles and brick-red hair. She would lift to his those velvety eyes of hers, which beamed down from the topmost trapeze of nights, when the Six Mantellis were doing their triple somersault. All Miss La Fleur had to do was to look beautiful and as though she were about to do something wonderful. And all she could do was to hang by her knees and now and again take a handkerchief from her bosom and wipe her soft hands, while the more susceptible young men in the audience forgot the hardworking Mantellis, and were deeply disappointed when she only waved them an inclusive kiss, and, curling her leg around a rope, slid slowly down. It didn't seem fair to the others, but the Old Man said it added human interest to the act.

"She's too good for me. That's it, I guess," said Reagan. Miss La Fleur sighed and rolled her great black eyes.

"She iss not ze artiste," she murmured. "Not yet—She has not suffered!"

"Huh!" grunted Reagan, looking her up and down as she leaned languidly against the arena gate, wrapped in her pale-blue bathrobe. "I suppose you have!" And he stumped to the door and glared out at the fog and the Fourth Avenue trolley-cars.

Dallie Carroll was a bareback rider, and her grandmother and great-grandmother had been bareback riders before her. Her mother had been a bareback rider too, but her father was young Mr. Delaney Islip, who ran away from New York one Saturday evening in spring, without telling anybody, and followed the show. Maybe that was why she wanted to be a lady.

She was sixteen years old—not exactly a little girl and not quite a grown-up—and that complicated matters. It was high time she got over being an awkward duckling and down to business. But she wouldn't get away to business, and when one is only sixteen and not at all awkward it isn't so easy to stop being a duckling.

Probably the circus folks had spoiled her a little.

After young Islip was killed—the night the chariot pole dropped and the chariot, somersaulting, threw him in front of the horses—they forgot all their distrust of him and their jealousy of his wife who, they somehow felt, had been false to them in taking up with an outsider. He became a hero and she a sort of heroine—all the more so when she kept right on working. And when, as the next spring came and the handful of them who had been wintering at Mother Carroll's farm in Illinois began to train again, Elfie Carroll—they never quite got to calling her anything else—faded away in a sort of fever and heartbreak and died, all their remorse and love and loyalty flowed together and enveloped the baby.

She became the circus's baby, the daughter of the regiment. Aunt Min, Elfie Carroll's sister, who had never married and was quite old and wrinkled now—although she drove her high-school horse cake-walking around the outside ring each performance, sitting very stiff and erect in a two-wheel cart, keeping time with her whip to the music—became her mother, but everybody else under the canvas considered himself part of the family. And all predicted great things for the baby as soon as she grew big enough to work, yet rather loftily resented the suggestion that she must ever work at all.

She would ride at the head of the procession mornings, sitting at the feet of the Rajah's daughter on the back of the biggest elephant, and, while the show was on, sleep peacefully in an empty chariot just outside the entrance curtains. After she was big enough to look out for herself she sat there always, a solemn little keeper of the gate, swinging her feet and watching the performers troop in and out—the whole afternoon long, or, at night, until the glare of the torches closed her eyes and Mr. Ricketts, the old clown, or some of the women, would carry her off to the dressing-room.

As soon as she was old enough, Aunt Min gave her simple work that would help make her muscles think for themselves later on, and the men, especially Corrigan, the ringmaster, amused themselves by trying her

## Collier's

at handsprings and simple things that taught the feel of the body turning in the air. She was as keen and clever at this—at first—as she was a good little gipsy on the road, and finally, after she had learned to ride bareback, they started her on the wonderful back somersault.

They were wintering at Mother Carroll's then—old Mr. Ricketts, Larry Corrigan and his wife, who worked as the Two La Velles, Billy Dean and his trick donkey, and two or three of the others who were not clever enough to play the music halls, nor young and adventurous enough to try Mexico or the South. There they huddled, each winter, simple-hearted, shabby grasshoppers who needed the sun, working a little and waiting for the spring.

Saturday night they gave an indoor performance in the Petropolis skating rink—a little tumbling and riding—to try out new acts and gather in a few quarters. Dallie went to school with the other Petropolis children, hurrying home every afternoon to harness up Peachy, the Carroll's old white ring horse, and drive around the village in her cart—the fat, old horse, who grew to look like a polar bear in the cold prairie winter, clapping amiably through snow and mud. But on these Saturday nights he was brushed and braided and pipe-clayed, and Dallie rode him in the ring, doing her little forward-and-backward dance step and waving kisses at the astonished villagers.

And it was like teaching the baby to take his first step, when they began with the back somersault. Plenty of men could do it; Corrigan often ended his act with it, himself, when he was feeling particularly good; but the women who had done it, so Corrigan said, could be counted on the fingers of one hand.

It is, you must know, a very difficult thing. If you take off too far forward, where the flat quarters slope down into the hollow of the back, you are likely to lose your spring; if too far back you fall behind the horse altogether. And, then, there is the landing on the wobbly back securely and waving kisses to the audience, as though it were the easiest thing in the world, and that is hardest of all. You can get some idea of this by rising on your toes on a solid floor, and imagining throwing yourself over backward, with nothing to *pull* on but the clutching of your own hands. It takes a great deal of "spring" and cleverness and instinct, and even a man misses it sometimes. A little girl must have herself perfectly in hand, jump hard, and, as Corrigan kept telling her, "be on the job every minute."

And it was just about this time that Dallie Carroll discovered she wanted to be a lady.

First they taught her from a springboard, with a mattress, and then from the floor. Then they practised with the sofa in Aunt Min's sitting-room—one of those old-fashioned sofas with stiff wire springs and a head-piece that could be raised to give a fair imitation of the neck of a horse. They would pull this out into the room, and Dallie would bounce and tumble upon it—old Ricketts or Mr. Corrigan standing by to catch her—half the long winter evening through. Then they would bring apples and cider up from the cellar, the men would light their pipes, and Dallie would curl up on the sofa and sleep or go off to bed leaving them playing pinochle or poker.

But between doing this and performing on a horse before an audience, twice a day, rain or shine, wide-awake or sleepy, between being what Mr. Corrigan called a "damned anaehoor" and having one's name and picture on the bill-boards, and living up to it no matter how one felt—there were a good many hard bumps and a lot of work and grit and never-ending determination. And all the time Dallie Carroll was getting to be a bigger girl, and thinking more and more about being a lady.

When the show opened in New York that spring, and Dallie still an awkward duckling, as far as real work went, some were for going to the Islips—there had never been so much as a whisper from them—and making them, as they put it, "do the right thing." But about this Aunt Min was quite set and queer and stiff with pride. Dallie was her sister's daughter, and what was good enough for her sister and their mother and grandmother before them was good enough for her. But she would let no one else say this. And once when Corrigan began with a "Look here, Carroll, why don't you quit spoiling that kid! She's strong an' she's clever, an' by gad, she dues around like—"

"Her name ain't Carroll!" flared Aunt Min. "And if she ain't crazy about this business it's because she don't belong here. She's got better blood in her veins than you, Mr. Corrigan. She's a lady, Mr. Corrigan, that's what she is, an' she could leave us to-morrow if she wanted to—an'—An' who knows but some day she will!" sobbed Aunt Min, and all at once flopped down and began to cry. It wasn't any wonder that Dallie Carroll was spoiled.

The show left New York, summer passed, and another winter came. And Dallie rode, and rode well now and then, and was graceful as a gull whatever she did, but she never quite made good. She never learned to do the back somersault as everybody felt she ought to, and she didn't care. And so, on this dark morning in the Garden, although she had foozled half a dozen jumps and finally fallen and strained her wrist, she wasn't ashamed, and she came down from the box finally and sauntered toward the dressing-room like a princess.

She stiffened a little and lifted her chin as she saw Reagan and Miss La Fleur talking together. Reagan watched her gloomily, but Miss La Fleur, smiling her slow, indolent smile, nodded one of her curious "Hollaws" and shivered a little inside her blue bathrobe. Across the arena came the thumping of the band, practising in shirt-sleeves and derby hats, the program for the evening. Dallie was following the tune, and as she passed them she hummed loud enough for them to hear:

"If I had on-ly fifty mil-ion dollars—

"I think that I'd be satisfied with life."

All at once, in front of the superintendent's office,

she saw Aunt Min and two gentlemen—an old one with mutton-chop whiskers and a silk hat, and a young one, tall and rather embarrassed-looking—watching her intently. She stopped short, and the old gentleman said something and started toward her, but Aunt Min, who was twisting and untwisting her handkerchief, and looking at her in the queerest way imaginable, sprang ahead of him and clasped Dallie in her arms.

"Dallie!" she cried, and for an instant she hugged her tight, then she stood up straight and faced the two strangers. "These two gentlemen—this is your grandpa, Dallie—Mr. Islip. And this is Mr. Islip, too—your father's brother," said Aunt Min, slowly and distinctly. "They've—they're going to take you away and make a lady of you!"

"O!" was all she could cry. "O-o-o!" and the great cage of a garden whirled round and round.

She came down the dressing-room stairs like a princess, indeed, that night—for they had begged her to work with them just once before going away—like an ill-used princess who had come at last into her own. There they all were behind the entrance curtain—tumblers in pink tights, Mr. Corrigan in evening clothes, tapping his leg with his riding whip, the Frenchman squatted on the tanbark purring into the ear of his old cinnamon bear, two or three women riders standing beside their horses—but all she saw was a blur of lights, and all she heard the patter of applause and the steady booming of the band.

She scuttled over the tanbark in her clumsy ring sandals. The old pink shawl was wrapped about her slender arms and

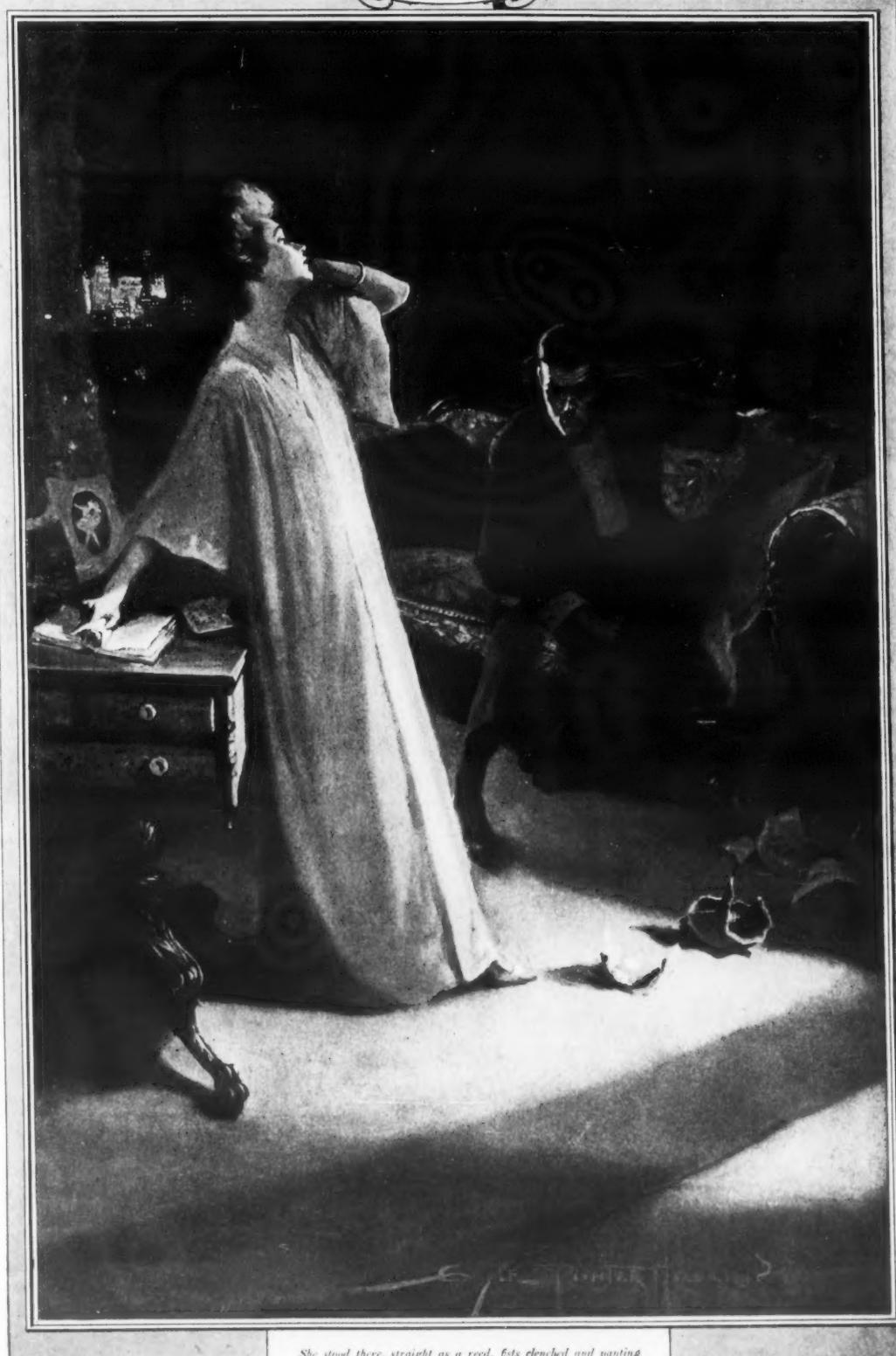
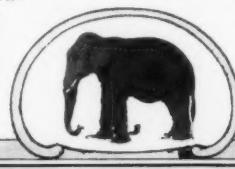
her bouncy ballet skirt, her pink-ribbed pigtails were hanging down her back, but her cheeks burned like a fire and she walked on air. She could feel all their eyes upon her, and drinking it in, giddy, she squandered smiles and talked without knowing what she was saying. She stood beside her horse like a flower growing from the tanbark, her trim pink legs the stem, the shawl clasped about her throat, flowing down and off her skirt.

Once she saw Reagan, waiting with the others for the elephant somersaults, and staring at her a little wildly. She rubbed her hot cheeks against Peachy's soft nose, blew into his puzzled nostrils, and laughed over at Reagan as though he were a picture on the wall.

The red curtains swung back, the solemn elephants trundled in, and Reagan disappeared. But she did not see him. All she saw was the yawning arena and the blur of people waiting for her—no more an outsider, but as good as the best, only playing at working now. It seemed as though she could turn a dozen somersaults, do anything. Everybody was talking to her. Even Miss La Fleur sidled up indolently and devoured her with greedy eyes. Just before her turn came, she caught sight of the stiff young gentleman of the afternoon—Uncle Edward now—coming up the runway from the basement, and old Mr. Ricketts, the clown, peering at her through the iron spectacles he wore when not in the ring, grasped her arm and tried to wish her good luck.

"Quick! Leggo!" She jumped away, threw off her shawl, "There goes the music—it's my turn now!"

The stableman snapped down Peachy's martingale, she threw aside her shawl, and then, all at once, she stopped, leaned over and pressed her handkerchief to her face.



*She stood there, straight as a reed, fists clenched and panting.*

Everybody cried "Oh!" and stood still, and the canvasmen, peaking through holes in the barrier, turned and stared.

They crowded round her—Corrigan pulling on his white gloves; the contortionist lady in her green-spangled tights, just coming erect after stretching over backward and picking a handkerchief from the ground; young Islip, quite bewildered.

"Dallie! Hey, kid! We're waiting!" The ringmaster thrust his head between the curtains.

"Just a minute—oh, dear!"

"What's the matter, child?" asked the contortionist lady, bending over.

"I've got it again!" She squeezed her hand to her face. "It's the second time to-day. Nose-bleed!" She leaned over until the ballet-skirt flared out like a white paper poppy. And all the time the gatekeeper was fingering the curtains, old Peachy wiggling his underlip above the tight martingale, and the band sawing away on the somersault tune.

"Here, Dallie! Here!" cried the contortionist lady, and drew from her bosom a little wad of handkerchief. Corrigan pulled out his, a pale blue one, bringing a shower of cigarette tobacco as it came, and young Islip drew out his, thin and neatly folded, and shook out its folds. She took them all, snuffing, and crumpled them together. And just then the Old Man swooped up from the stables below.

"Here!" he puffed. "What's this?" But before he had time to say more, she straightened up like a soldier, her eyes blinking fast and fists doubled tight.

"Ready! I'm ready!" she cried. The curtains swung back, and she ran out into the lights and music, waving kisses as she ran.

Nobody knew, except those behind the curtains, watching through a little slit of light—they and the ring attendants, dipping the banners so low she could almost step over them, and the ringmaster, cracking his whip mightily and whispering: "It's all right, kid—you're all right!"

All the crowd saw was a little girl with pigtails down her back, waving her slender arms in funny formal poses and now and then pressing a handkerchief to her face. She stood on a white horse and did a little forward-and-back dance step, so light and neat and accurate that it seemed to lead the tune. And as the horse ambled round and round, and she stood far back, erect, bouncing gently up and down and waving her outstretched arms, like wings, marking time, they forgot the rest of the show. The eyes seemed to gather in one enveloping stare, and a low murmur came up from the crowd, just as it comes out of the twilight of a music-hall sometimes, when the audience forgets itself and, watching the ballad singer standing there in the lime-light, begins to hum the tune.

The music quickened, the ring attendants began to give imitations of excitement, and cry: "Hi-you! Hi-you!" and the bundle of pink and white began to vault on and off the horse's back, turning a cartwheel at the end of each round. Every time she came to her feet she jabbed her handkerchief to her face, but she smiled as she did it and sprang up on the horse, at last, sidesaddle, panting and laughing, with a wave of her whip to the boys in the gallery and her pink legs crossed, insteps arched and toes down, just as though they grew that way.

The band raced into another tune, and she sprang to her feet and stretched her arms out, as if in wonder at what she was about to do. Round and round the white horse loped, the pigtails bobbing up and down. Once her legs quivered, braced for the jump, but she shook her head, laughed, and rode on.

All at once her arms gripped. "Hup!" snapped the ringmaster. There was a leap and a turn, a flash of white, and she stood flushed and erect, arms flung out in triumph—the lady of the bill-boards now, queen of the sawdust ring.

Again her arms snapped up and over she went—again and again—as though nothing were so easy, as though it were hard not to do. The big Garden broke into applause. The band ran away with itself, pursuing the applause. The little girl sprang down, the white horse, head in air and eyes and nostrils greatly excited, as though by way of showing that he knew, trotted out of the ring. She gave a kick and a spring and threw out her arms, to the front, to either side, as though saying: "Voila! You see how easy it is for me!" And then smiling on the ringmaster, she gave him her hand.

The people in the arena boxes leaned forward as she scurried past and a ripple of applause pattered along with her. Then the curtains closed and she was surrounded by her friends.

"Hey! Dallie!" they cheered, laughing, crowding round, looking back and forth from her to young Islip—not quite at ease because he was there. She flung back a radiant smile, and holding out her arm with a gesture, just a little proud, dropped on the tanbark a crimson lump. The contortionist lady's musky handkerchief, Islip's neatly folded, and Mr. Corrigan's pale blue, tobacco-scented one, were all one color now.

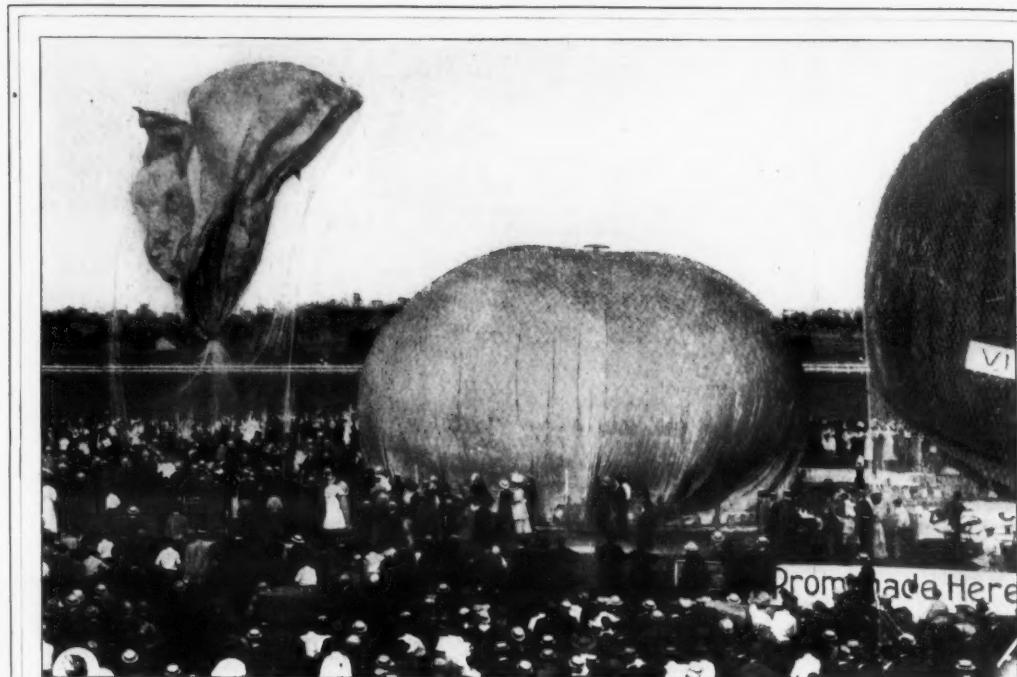
"I didn't get a speck on my dress!" she cried.

Mr. Corrigan twisted his mustache violently and beamed. The contortionist lady could but clasp her hands and devour the sight with her eyes. Only Miss La Fleur managed to say:

"It ees a good sing you aire going, Mees Carroll! Zey are all ze dead ones now!"

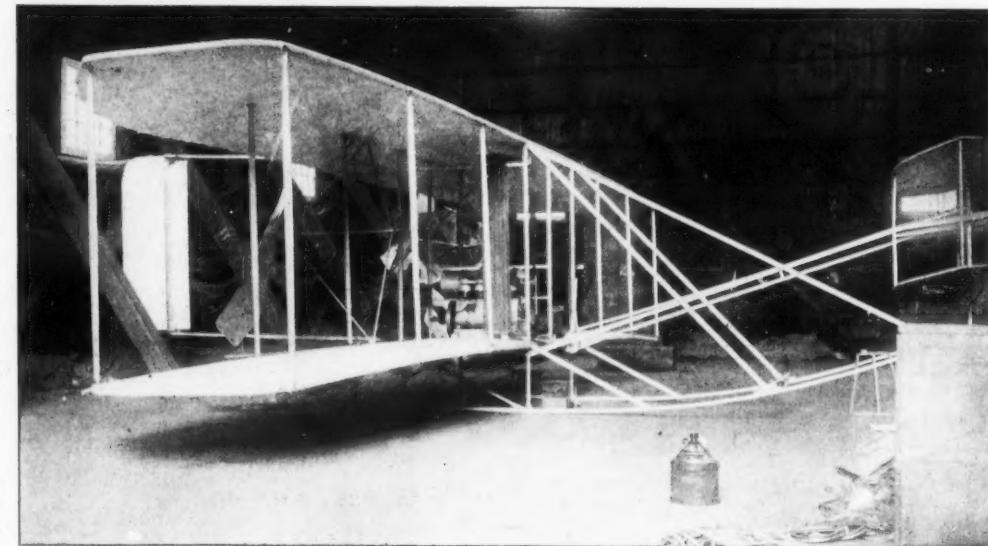
Everybody laughed. The canvasmen rubbed their unshaven cheeks in embarrassed delight, the contortionist lady threw her bare arms round Dallie's neck and kissed her good-by, and they led her in triumph to the dressing-room, where Aunt Min, looking older and sharper and more like some sort of antique bird than ever, was packing an old suit-case.

Good-bys and lights and faces went whirling round for a time, and then Dallie Carroll woke up to find things very still. The hot horsey smell and the garden



Racing Balloons and Cheering Throngs

On August 29, at Columbus, Ohio, over 30,000 people assembled to witness the start of the fourth balloon race ever contested in this country. The photograph shows the "Stars and Stripes" disabled by a leak at the outset



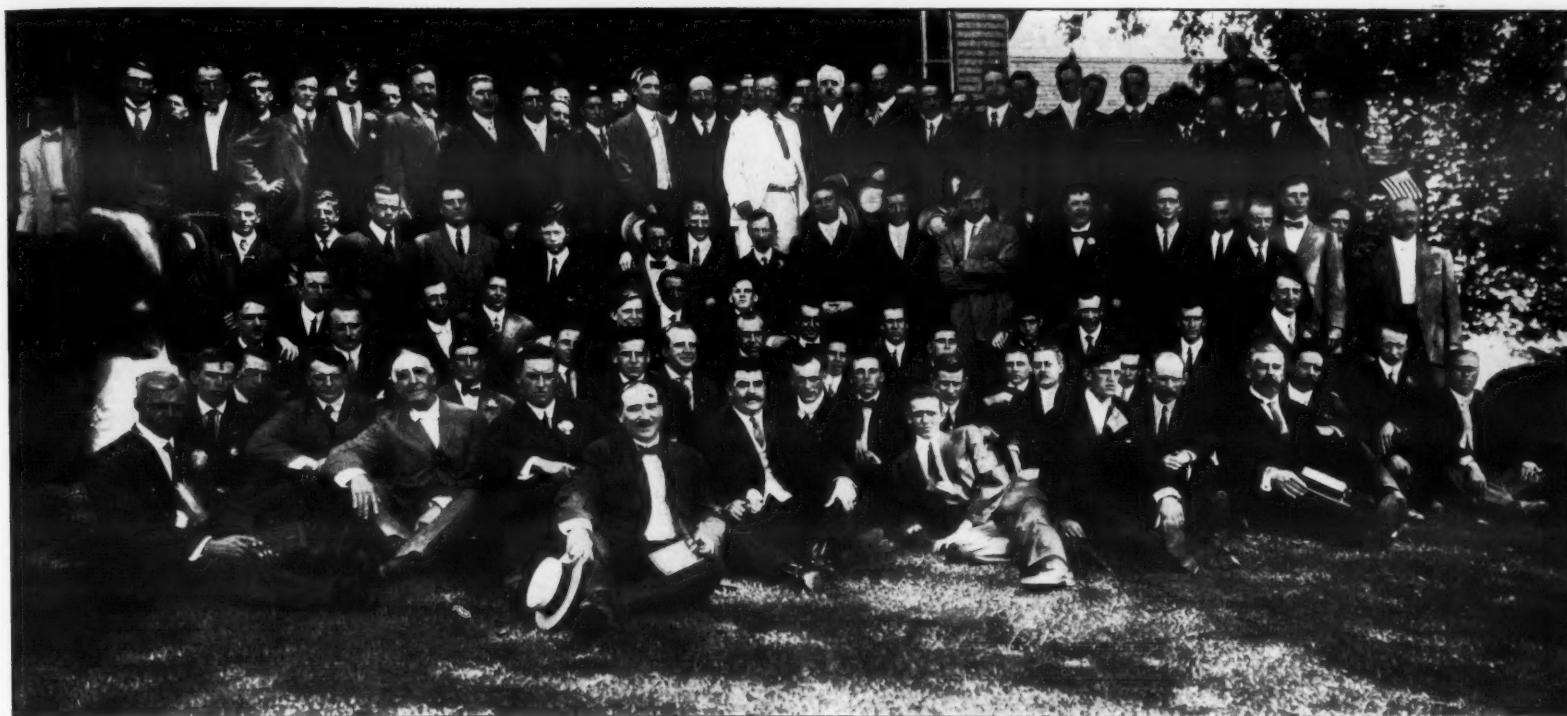
Wright's Airship in Shed at Fort Myer, Va.

The Wright Aeroplane is here shown in the balloon shed in the Government reservation at Fort Myer, near Washington. This is the machine now being operated by Mr. Orville Wright in test flights before U. S. army officers. It is a duplicate of the one used by Mr. Wilbur Wright at Le Mans, France, except for a slightly different arrangement of steering levers and other minor differences



Abdul Hamid Rides in Triumphal Procession

The Sultan of Turkey, Abdul Hamid, riding openly through the streets of Constantinople and receiving the plaudits of his Ottoman subjects soon after the reading of the imperial hatt, or irade, proclaiming the reestablishment of a Constitution declaring equality without distinction as to race or religion



President Roosevelt Greeting the Olympic Athletes at His Home at Oyster Bay, Long Island, August 31

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ALL know him wherever we see him by his uniform, which he must wear for the four years that he serves the nation. Aboard ship he is the populace of the community. When he is spoken of professionally, he is the "enlisted personnel." In the public prints he is "Jacky," which is just about as agreeable to him as "Rooty" would be to Secretary Root.

"Jacky! It sounds like a monkey on a stick!" said one man whom I asked about it.

"I'd as soon be called Maggie or Kitty," said another.

Mr. Bluejacket is a citizen of a great country, a full-grown, vigorous, virile male, and if there is anything that wakes his wrath it is the suggestion that he is in any sense a theatric plaything. But his prejudices change like those of the rest of the world.

When he heard a petty officer say, "Come on, fellows, get at this!" a man who knew the old navy gave a start of surprise. "Fellows!" he exclaimed. "Jackies" would have insulted the men of the old day no less. Bullies it was then. Bullies the new navy scarcely likes. It sounds too tough. It is a word without self-respect, with the flavor of paid professional ruffianism.

If you doubt the modern fighting man's self-respect, offer him a tip for any favor, and observe the result. I have a friend who did—to a first-class gun-pointer of a twelve-inch, if you please, who took it quite politely and turned it over in his hand and looked at it.

"I suppose I'm to use my judgment, sir," said he, "whether to give this quarter to the Seaman's Fund or the Salvation Army."

ONE day, coming off in the L—'s steamer at Santa Cruz, was a bluejacket with an M— cap ribbon. "The M— is not here," I said. "She's at Monterey."

"Gee! And I went past her!" he remarked, looking out at the blue sea.

"Where did you leave her?"

"Los Angeles, sir," he said, respectfully; but evidently he did not want to talk about it.

"I'm not an officer," I explained. That loosened his tongue a little.

"I had a good time, ya-as I sholy did," he said, jerking out each sentence after reflective thought.

He followed me up the gangway of the L— in a most businesslike way, and on the sacred port side. But then, after riding in automobiles, he had come off in the officers' launch. The officer of the deck spotted that M— cap ribbon instantly.

"What are you doing here?" he asked Mr. Bluejacket.

"Straggler, sir," he said, respectfully, and the Greek fatality and simplicity of it saved him from something sharper than the formal: "Go forward and report to the master-at-arms."

He knew that this was all there was to say. He was philosophically ready to take his medicine, whatever the dose. Evidently his reflections on the way out from the pier were weighing the pleasure he had had to see if it balanced the cost.

DISCIPLINE is sharp aboard ship. It must be. The officer who can maintain it and still be liked as well as respected has the true gift. I recall an occasion when we were going ashore in a whaleboat, and we had about two feet of water to cross on foot over splintered coral rocks, and the men, who were barefoot already, without paying much attention to the rest of us, immediately surrounded Lieutenant G—. The officer started to take off his shoes.

"Here, Mr. G—, our feet are tough. We'll carry you."

## Bluejacket Stories

*Quick Sketches of the Men on the Ships  
—The "Enlisted Personnel" on the Big  
Fleet's Round-the-World Cruise*

By FREDERICK PALMER

They were the men of his division, and they picked him up willy-nilly. It said a good deal for him, a square-jawed, determined man; for his was an efficient as well as a happy division.

On another occasion, as I was passing a turret's crew on the superstructure, I heard them say: "There he is. There comes Mr. J—. Ain't he a coker, though?" and they all looked at him fondly. He had just been transferred from their turret, and they had not seen him for two days. When I told him of the real affection that shone in their eyes, he said:

"I'm glad to hear this. I never guessed it—and the way I had to hammer that lot to get them in shape!"

But he always sent them his papers and magazines, and if one of the men was sick he would go to the sick bay and cheer him up, but "cuss him out hard" if he didn't mind his paces when back on duty.

The happiness of a ship is in the hands of a captain. Injustice is his worst fault. The men know him as children know their parents. Personal manner counts for much. "Captain W—! Why, you can see he's eighteen-karat to look at him," as one of the men said. In the same way officers are on trial. They can make and unmake character in young recruits; they can right a wrong, as Lieutenant X— did for old Z—.

About a year ago X— was passing through a naval yard when he saw old Z—, who had served with him before Santiago. Z— has been twenty years in the service, a thin, wiry old fellow, who speaks softly as a lady's maid, never repeats an order incorrectly, and can stay on the bridge in any storm without seeming to tire. X— asked him where he was stationed, and he mentioned an insignificant naval station home-stayer.

"You've been disrated, too," X— added, with a glance at the arm insignia, for the quartermaster first class of Santiago was now quartermaster second class, and feeling his disgrace every hour of the day.

"Yes—seh," he explained softly. "I was sick and went to the hospital. I guess I was sassy to the doctor. I was feeling pretty sore and cranky, seh, and I never did like to be sick. Anyway, he had me up before a court, and I was disrated, yes—seh."

X— busied himself immediately, to good effect; for it was a shame that such efficiency should be wasted, no matter who was "sassy" to a doctor. Z— was transferred to a battleship, where everybody said what a jewel he was at his particular work. When he was recommended to be restored to his old rate, X— was on the examining board whose task was a formality on a par with examining a bank cashier in simple arithmetic.

"Do you know what the standard compass is?" X— asked.

"Misteh X—!" gasped the old fellow, rolling his white service cap in his hands.

"Do you know where the port quarter is?"

"Misteh X—, you're—you're playing with me!" old Z— pleaded, his pride hurt.

"You'll pass!" said X—, laughing.

"Thank you, seh."

As he left the officer's room, old Z—'s cap was busy about his eyes. He could not help it, he was so happy. His lost honor, in that naval world of his—the only world he knew—was won back.

Another one of the elderly seamen I knew came aboard about once in six months in an elated frame of mind. He never got full, but he did let out "a stitch," as he said. On these occasions he developed great fondness for a certain Lieutenant F—. If F— had the deck, old T— would put his hand quite familiarly on F—'s shoulder and say: "We've known each other long time, ain't we, Mr. F—?" "We understand each other, don't we, you 'n' me, eh?" We know things in this old navy, don't we?" And that was all. He never said any more or any less. If F— had not the deck, old T— would whisper gravely to the officer who had: "Tell Mr. F— please excuse me," and, having said this, he would go forward satisfied, without another word.

THE growling seaman is a literary relic fast joining the shades with the stage seaman, who hitches up his trousers fore and aft. We had one somewhat after this type, however, on a certain battleship—a little man, with bright, sharp eyes set in the wrinkles around them in such a way as to make him look as if he were about to cry. C— was an indefatigable worker, but the world was ever awry.

"How are things, C—?" and the answer always was: "Pretty bad, sir." He took as much delight in gloom as some invalids.

"Well, did you have a good time?" I asked him after he had been ashore at Los Angeles.

"Pretty—yes, pretty."

"Pretty, eh? Didn't they bombard you with flowers and give you a barbecue?"

"Yes," he sighed. "But there was too many flowers and three oranges at every plate—that's more fruit than anybody wants."

"Well," I assented, "this whole entertainment business is bad. It ought to be stopped."

"No, it ain't altogether bad," he rejoined.

I thought I saw the light of a twinkle of victory gleam out from the crying wrinkles. He had not been caught napping; he still refused to agree.

NEITHER Gun Captain R— nor the ship will ever forget Dennis. As for Dennis himself, he is past the stage of recollection, I fear. "I'll show you the mascot," said R—. "Catch him young and educate him, and there's no equal to a pig." When R— brought him aboard, Dennis was young. His skin grew pinker after each daily bath.

"Gwan! Stop your kidding! I ain't going to manicure his nails, smarty, but I'll make a gentleman of him, you'll see," said R—.

For a time Dennis was a good pupil. He followed R— to quarters. He would submit to being chased about the deck. Then he went to the bad. A ball of adipose, he would not move. With aristocratic disdain he took up a station near the galley. Warnings enough he had, to which he paid no heed. A court was held. "Dennis, you've had the chance of a pig's life," R— told him. "You haven't made good. You're in the In Bad Club. Your name is pork. Ashore you go."

Pigs can not talk, as we know, but D—, a coxswain, swore he heard Dennis ask:

"Who's going to take me?"

"R—, you bet. He brought you aboard."

"It's a h—l of a time he'll have!" Dennis grunted back (all according to the coxswain). "Somebody give me another potato!"

"You're hard on him," said the coxswain the next day, after Dennis was gone. "You don't understand a pig. He's the only real mascot—for those that are on to his curves. Dennis was no deserter. He was loyal and contented, and all the time he was thinking: 'Boys, look at me and see what a happy ship we've got.'"

"You go to the admiral's barge and clean bright work, hireling!" said R—, nursing a sore shin.



*Having procured the chocolate-chunks, it remained only to distribute them in "bites"*

T

HE schoolhouse, in our village, was on the main road, directly opposite Cap'n Daniels's store. In your younger days you accepted its location as a proof of wisdom on the part of the selectmen or the school committee, or whoever was responsible for placing it there. In Cap'n Daniels's store, and nowhere else in town, could be bought two "jawbreakers" for a penny, big "jawbreakers" at that, round, flavored with peppermint, and harder than the Rock of Gibraltar. One of these grape-shot, scientifically inserted in the left cheek, gave to a youngster the appearance of a severe case of one-sided mumps and the joy of two hours' slowly dissolving sweetness. These were the chief charms of "jawbreakers," they were cheap and they "lasted long."

In that store also one might purchase—always provided that the financial consideration was forthcoming—a peculiar kind of molasses stick candy, thickly coated with chocolate. When one of the "gang" happened to be in funds to the extent of, perhaps, two cents—earned by the going of errands, by the selling of bones and old iron to the junk man, or obtained by diplomatic appeal to the generosity of a relative—the procession of the elect formed in the school yard and marched majestically across the road, through the battered doorway and up to the Cap'n's little showcase, where, beneath the cracked panes mended with strips of brown paper and mucilage, were displayed delectable dainties in various stages of age and gumminess. The moneyed individual of the party produced his two-cent piece; rapped peremptorily on a particular pane and shrieked—for Cap'n Daniels was extremely "deaf"—"Gimme two o' them, please; them there." Then, having procured the chocolate-covered chunks, it remained only to distribute them in "bites," the size of each bite being limited by the pressure of the owner's thumb-nail on the stick. To bite close up to the thumbnail was fair and aboveboard; to attempt a "hog bite" was considered ill-mannered.

Besides candy, Cap'n Daniels sold slates and pencils and pen-holders and sponges and "T. D." pipes—fine for hayseed and sweet fern—and elastic for slingshots and marbles, and goodness knows how many other necessities of boy life. Therefore it was a graceful though rather obvious act of kindness to build the schoolhouse directly opposite such a depot of supplies. Then, too, wasn't the Schoolhouse Pond only a hundred yards away? Where could you have skated during recess and noon hour if they hadn't put the schoolhouse where it was?

That pond was a luxury. A few months ago a friend of yours, who is principal of a big city school (another evidence of the depravity in taste brought about by the

## "Teacher"

*The Succession of Pedagogues, Guileless and Stern, Who Shepherded the Youth—  
The Lamblike Lyon and the  
Militant Miss Olivia*

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

years; there was a time when you would have scorned to own a teacher as your friend), showed you through the mammoth new building over which he presided. He was proud of that building. It had forty rooms or so, each bigger than either "Upstairs" or "Downstairs" in the school at our village, and there was an assembly room, and a big gymnasium and a room in which the scholars who lived some distance off, and in stormy weather brought their lunches, might eat them. Then they could play in the gymnasium if they wanted to.

The principal boasted loudly of the gymnasium and the lunch room, but you didn't think much of them. You used to carry your lunch—or your dinner—but nobody in our village called the noon meal "lunch"; but you didn't need any particular room to eat it in. No, sir! you ate your boiled eggs and pie and doughnuts and cookies at the edge of the Schoolhouse Pond, if it happened to be winter and no snow on the ground, and it took you maybe ten minutes to cram the whole meal into your system. Then, as your skates were already on, you tossed the tin pail up on the bank and shot out upon the ice, to glide and "scull" and do the "outer edge," and the "roll" until the bell warned you that the time had come to return to common fractions and the boundaries of the Territory of New Mexico.

So when your friend boasted of his mammoth building and its gymnasium you smiled in a superior fashion and thought: "This is all right, so far as it goes, perhaps, but where is your Schoolhouse Pond?"

There were "grades" innumerable at this city school. In our village the school was not divided into grades, but into halves. The lower half—that where the little chaps learned their little "C-A-T—Cat," and so on up to "Meg's Race for Life" in the Fourth Reader—was called, by reason of its location, "Downstairs." The upper half—where your education progressed until you were able to declare with certainty that "All Gaul is divided into three parts," and recite without looking at the book: "It had been a day of triumph at the capital,

Somebody or other, returning with victorious eagles, had amused the populace," etc.—that half was, of course, "Upstairs." High School there was none. Students completing the Upstairs courses and graduating on "Last Day" usually went to work. Those who yearned—or whose parents yearned—for higher education might attend the "Academy" at Edgewater.

Teachers at our school were, like the divisions, two in number. A female taught Downstairs; a male Upstairs. The Downstairs teacher was, generally speaking, a native of our village; the Upstairs candidates came usually from beyond township limits. They (the Upstairs teachers) were pretty likely to be young fellows just out of college, who intended practising law or medicine some day, and by teaching, were trying to earn and save money enough to begin their professional studies. When one had accomplished this feat—or thought he had—he departed and a new one took his place.

One reason why the position of teacher Upstairs was so seldom accepted as permanent by the men who filled it was the salary. And yet this salary was considered princely by many of the voters in our village. It was more than the majority of the stay-at-homes were able to make, and it was paid each month in good hard cash. As for you and the rest of the scholars, you regarded it with awe and envy. In fact, the salary was rated much higher than the pedagogue's intellectual qualities; witness the quatrain enthusiastically chanted by boys well out of hearing of the schoolhouse:

*"Oh, Power above, send down your love  
Upon us all, poor scholars,  
With a great big foot to teach our school,  
And they pay him sixty dollars."*

That is, sixty dollars a month during the teaching season. And, after all, when you consider that "Teacher" might lodge at the Widow Cummings's, in a room overlooking the bay, said room being furnished with a corded bedstead and a feather bed smothered under a "log cabin" quilt, a "diamond" quilt, a "rising sun" quilt, and other quilts and comforters; with a crayon enlargement of Grandpa Cummings and a spatter work motto on the wall; with a blue flowered wash-bowl and pitcher on a pink flowered "commode"; when you consider that he was privileged to enjoy the cultured conversation of Miss Beasley and the rest at the table, and that all these luxuries were his for three dollars paid the widow each Saturday night—then a wage of fifteen dollars weekly doesn't seem so bad. No wonder he could save money; particularly as "jawbreakers" and Cap'n Daniels's store seemed to tempt him not in the least.

When grandma went to school—an experience to which the old lady never failed in reference whenever you chanced to complain of your own educational trials—she didn't have "no fine place, all fixed up pretty so's

## Collier's

it ought to be a delight to study your lesson book in it." No, indeed! She attended the old "deestrict school," and the old "deestrict school" building, a tumble-down ruin in your day, still stood on the lane leading to the railroad station. Having climbed in at its sashless, paneless windows several times, you have a fair idea of what the district school of grandma's youth must have looked like.

It was small, very small, and perfectly square. The floor sloped on three sides down to the platform where the teacher's desk used to be. The big boys and girls sat in the back seats—just as they did in your school, for that matter—and the little ones in front. There were long benches instead of individual chairs. And, by the way, the exterior of the building was a dingy brown. The "little red schoolhouse" we hear so much about may have existed somewhere, but apparently not in our village.

"Professor" Dingley taught the deestrict school when grandma was a girl. No medical student was the "Professor." School-teaching was his trade, and its practise included much physical as well as mental labor. To undertake the guidance of a youth old enough and big enough to "go a-fishin'" on Banks voyages during the summer months and attain an education in the winter time must have required a good deal of main strength along with the will power.

### The Professor Who Threw Things

PERFESSOR DINGLEY'S hobby was mathematics. He loved to wrestle with abstruse problems, and figures were his playthings. Often and often, according to grandma, he would become so wrapt in an arithmetical puzzle as to forget the school entirely. While he sat at his desk, his head on his hands, the scholars would raise Cain, whispering, throwing spitballs, and "carrying on" generally. In the midst of the chaos old Dingley would come out of his trance. His eye would light upon some one of the most energetic performers. Then, without warning and directly at the offender's head, would be hurled the arithmetic book, the heavy ebony ferule, or whatever happened to be nearest the irate teacher's arm. And for the next five minutes the Professor would rage up and down the aisles, smiting right and left, and leaving bumps, tears, and studious attention in his wake. The attainment of knowledge at the deestrict school must have been a splendid preparation for the stern battles of life.

It was at the old school, while grandma was in the lower classes, that Laban Gore made his undying reputation as a public speaker. Friday, of course, was "speakin' pieces day," and Laban had struggled to commit to memory a flowery oration delivered by some great man upon the occasion of the presentation of a flag to a company enlisted for the War of 1812. Master Gore's name being called, he arose and shuffled to the platform. Bowing, he turned a blanched but freckled face to the expectant audience.

"Take the bannerer—" began Laban; "barner" was the way he pronounced the word, and it was accompanied by a rigid, right-angle thrust of a clenched fist.

"Take the barnerer—" repeated Laban, shooting out the fist once more. "Er—er—Take the barnerer—" He paused and gulped, feverishly.

"Well, sir?" observed old Dingley.

"Er—er—Take the barnerer—" Er—er—er—Take the barnerer—" Another pause, more gulps, another gesture, and "Er—er—Take the barnerer—"

"We-l-l!" drawled the Professor, his voice rising.

"Take the barnerer—" shrieked poor Laban. "Take the barnerer—" "Take the—the—the barnerer—"

"Take your seat!" roared Dingley. "Remain after school and I'll try and find something else for you to 'take.'"

Laban's declamation was probably the most successful ever delivered in our village, if the enjoyment of his hearers and the unforgettableness of his remarks are taken into consideration. Everybody called him "Barner Gore" after that.

On this same Friday James Collins—your great-uncle Jim—recited the poem beginning, "Oh, sailor boy, sailor boy!" so beautifully that tears came to the stern gray eyes of old Dingley, and the little girls down in front wept. It was a poem of shipwreck, and the poor sailor boy, its hero, was drowned.

Afterward, when Uncle Jim, only twenty years of age, and first mate at that, went down with his ship off Cape Hatteras, people said the poem was a prophecy. But poor Laban Gore, bos'n on that same ship, was drowned too, and no one spoke of the "barnerer" oration as a prophecy or implying a presentiment.

During your three years of scholastic labor Downstairs, Miss Serena Fairtree was teacher of that division. She was sweet and kind and long-suffering, and her most severe punishment was to shut the offender up in the dark closet where the stove wood was kept. On that very "Last Day" when you said farewell to the primary books and other infantile puerilities, Miss Serena said farewell also. She had accepted a better position over in Ostable, where she taught for one term and then married the chairman of the Ostable school committee. Miss Olivia Simpson was her successor Downstairs. You, as a full-fledged Upstairs freshman, with all the privilege of that exalted station—including the right to leave the yard at recess without asking permission and to go all around the schoolhouse instead of being confined to the "boys' side"—you grinned sarcastically at Miss Olivia's odd garb and stern masculine demeanor. You congratulated yourself that "that old maid" wouldn't have the chance to boss you. This premature crow of triumph would seem to prove that Uncle Jim's gift of prophecy was not hereditary in the family.

"Specs" Bandmann was your first Upstairs teacher. "Specs" wore eyeglasses—hence his name—and was so dignified and pompous that he bent backward when he walked. His principal accomplishment was the ease with which he could lift a boy out of a seat over a desk and into the aisle with one "yank" of his good

right arm. He treated big, lubberly Obed Ginn—whose inexplicable nickname was "Sunach Bitters"; "Bitters" for short—that way once, and "Bitters" behaved himself thereafter during "Specs's" term. But "Specs" resigned in the spring to enter the Harvard Medical Col-

lege, and, when school opened in the fall, Mr. Lyon was the new teacher.

If ever a man belied his name—as it was pronounced—Lyon was that man. There was nothing suggesting the king of beasts about him. To speak of him as lamb-like would be doing young mutton an injustice, for lambs are supposed to skip and gambol occasionally, and our Lyon lacked the spirit to do anything so energetic. He was little and meek and very, very well-meaning and well-behaved. The committee engaged him because of his learning. His knowledge of Greek and Latin so dazzled them that they forgot to ask concerning his ability as a disciplinarian.

My, but you and the shameless crew Upstairs made poor Lyon's life miserable! It took the "big fellers" from the west end of the village—the fellows who only attended school in the winter and "worked out" summers—just two days to discover that the new teacher was an easy victim, quite incapable of managing even a modern kindergarten. And, after the big fellows made this discovery, the little ones helped to profit by it. Cesar, what a bedlair that schoolroom became! "Spitballs" flew in showers, whispering was done openly, feet were shuffled, books were dropped, bent pins were fired from elastic catapults. Lyon, nervous little creature, would lose control of his temper and shriek and threaten, but, as his threats were never carried into effect, they were only so much more amusement for the committee on torture, which in this case was a committee of the whole.

"Stop that noise!" the poor fellow would shout, alluding to a low humming, like that of a swarm of bees, which was filling the apartment.

"Hum-m-m!"

"Stop it, I say!"

"Hum-m-m-m!"

"I tell you stor! I know the guilty parties. I have my eye on them!"

"HUM-M-M-M!"

To hum with one's mouth closed, and with eyes studiously fixed upon a book, is a knack easily acquired. As for knowing the guilty parties—well, everybody was a guilty party, and when Lyon stamped down one aisle it was as silent as the tomb. He rushed away to locate the sound in another aisle, and, behold, it was, not, while behind him it began again louder than ever.

The leaves of his books were stuck together with chewing-gum or mucilage. Some one put a live mouse in his desk. One reprobate, who is ashamed of it now, filled the hollowed-out wooden seat of his armchair with water. Mr. Lyon happened that morning to be wearing a pair of very thin summer trousers—his only pair of winter ones being mended by kind-hearted Widow Cummings—and after he sat down in that icy water, to rise with enthusiastic promptness and energy, he shivered through the forenoon session. In the afternoon he attempted to chastise "Bitters" Ginn, and not only did not succeed in accomplishing the feat, but suffered the humiliation of having his ferule taken away from him and of being told by "Bitters" himself to "run along and set down, like a nice little boy."

That evening he was heard weeping in his room by Mrs. Cummings's servant girl. Next morning he came to the school accompanied by Squire Benijah Penniman, chairman of the school committee. Squire Penniman made us a little speech. Unlike his usual speeches, it was brief and very much to the point.

"We gen'rally figger, the committee does," concluded the Squire, "to have proper order and obedjuice to discipline in the schoolrooms of this town. And by mighty, we callate to have 'em here! Next week the regular April vacation ought to begin. Downstairs 'll have that vacation. Upstairs won't. You'll stay here and study your lesson books, and them that don't study 'em 'll hear from me—from me. D'y you understand?"

### Worrying the Teacher Sick

WE UNDERSTOOD. Cap'n Benijah had been skipper of an Australian clipper in his day and had handled mutinous crews before. There was sullen silence until he departed; then the turmoil broke loose worse than ever.

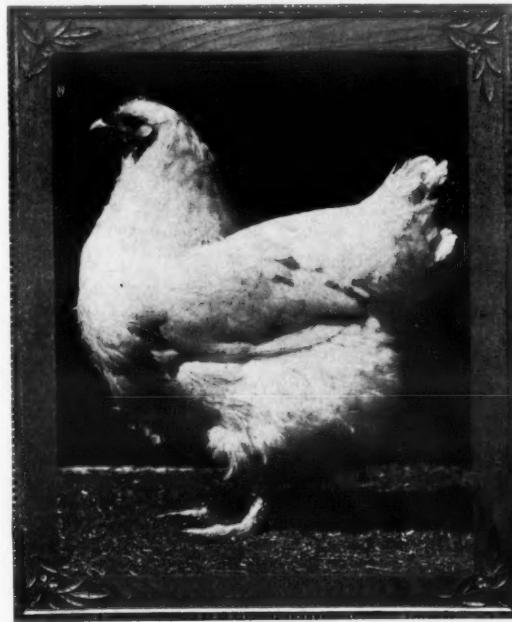
Cheat us out of our vacation, hey? Maybe we might have to come to school, but study and "obedjuice to discipline"—these were different. Various plots were laid and schemes hatched. "Bitters" and his friends were the ringleaders in all these. Mr. Lyon's life during the coming fortnight bade fair to be more strenuous than ever. He would not lack entertainment, at any rate.

But on Sunday morning he was not at church. The corner pew with the pillar in it, which he had taken because it was cheap and no one else liked it, was empty. You heard Mrs. Cummings tell Abitha Doane, after meeting, that "Teacher ain't feelin' a mite well, poor little man. He's in bed now, all het up and feverish, and if he ain't better when I get back home I'm goin' to have Doctor Penrose in. Them dreadful young ones at school have worried him sick, that's what's the trouble. It's a shame! good and well-meanin' as he is."

You should have been repentant and conscience-stricken on hearing this piece of news. You are now, as you think of it. But then, shameful to relate, your most dominant sentiment was hope. If teacher was sick, why—why, then there couldn't be any school on Monday. You might get the vacation after all. Hooray! You hastened to spread the tidings.

Sure enough, on Monday morning Mr. Lyon was not at his desk Upstairs. Being as methodical in some things as he was unpractical in most others, it had been his custom to enter the school yard precisely at quarter to nine, as the janitor, Asaph Wixon, was ringing the "first bell." But now he came not. There were all sorts of rumors afloat—he was very sick, he was threatened with typhoid, he might die—"Bitters" Ginn said he hoped he would.

Five minutes to nine. The "last bell" was ringing. Some of the weaklings, actuated by force of habit and



"Peggy"

Born and raised in Kansas City, and her portrait is being painted to hang in the Missouri State House at Jefferson City. She is valued at \$5,000, and five of her children were lately sold to Madame Ignace Paderewski for \$7,500. She is ninety-seven and three-quarter perfect of her type—Crystal White Orpington

## The Lowly Hen

By JUDD MORTIMER LEWIS

I'M for the hen, the lowly hen;  
She lays an egg to-day and then  
To-morrow goes about her biz  
And where her nest of rubbish is  
Lays us another. Cluck on cluck,  
Day after day with endless pluck;  
Happy if in solitude  
She may at last hatch out a brood  
Of fluffy chicks with yellow legs,  
To become hens and lay more eggs.

SHE knows no holidays at all,  
Nor Sundays. At the clarion call  
Of Mr. Rooster, with a lurch,  
She lunges down from off her perch,  
And, once upon a footing firm,  
She goes to hunt the early worm.  
She takes a worm, a piece of grit,  
A bug, and makes an egg of it  
That will pass muster until met  
In scramble, fry, or omelet.

AND does she rest with one egg laid,  
And lounge around beneath the shade  
Of some tall tree? Not much! not she!  
She scorns the shade of fence and tree,  
And across shaded bits and sun  
She keeps the bug world on the run,  
And scratches with her toil-worn feet  
Barnyard and garden, lane and street,  
And with her bill doth search and poke  
The stuff for albumen and yolk.

EGG after egg, day after day,  
In unobtrusive, cheerful way,  
And, when her laying life is done,  
She lounges not in shade or sun,  
But with a rush that rest doth mock  
She lays her head upon the block,  
And, the pièce de résistance of  
Some boarding-house feast, shows her love  
For humankind in death. Brave hen!  
Example for roosters and men!

## Collier's

vague fears, went up to the schoolroom and took their seats; but the majority remained in the yard and joined in the song which "Bitters" was leading:

*"An eagle flew from north to south  
With Solomon Lyon in his mouth,  
And when he found he had a fool  
He dropped him at the Upstairs school."*

"Once more," yelled the choir-master: "and holler it good and loud."

But we did not "holler." A buggy drove up to the hitching-post and two people got out. One of these people was Squire Penniman and the other was Miss Olivia Simpson, the Downstairs teacher.

"Go into that schoolhouse, the whole crew of you. Lively now!" roared the Squire, in his quarter-deck voice. We obeyed orders and were lively.

"Now then," growled the committeeman, standing by the teacher's desk and glaring at the pupils, "this school 'll come to order. Silence, aft there! D'you want me to come down to you?"

The question was addressed to the rebellious "Bitters," who had shuffled his feet. The shuffling stopped in the middle of a scrape.

"I s'pose," continued Cap'n Benijah, "that you thought because your outrageous actions had made your teacher sick—yes, he's sick, poor fellow, and likely to be wuss—I s'pose you thought they'd be no school for this coming fortnit, after all. There will be. Miss Simpson is going to take Mr. Lyon's place. She'll teach you and you're to mind her. And just remember this," he added, in an ominous growl; "me and the committee are backing her up. Miss Olivia, you can take the ship—the school, I should say."

To be handed over to a woman! To be put in charge of a Downstairs teacher! The indignity of it! The school set its teeth and glared at the big, raw-boned female who stepped to the front of the platform. Let her wait—only just wait! What had been done to Lyon wouldn't be a circumstance to what was coming to her.

Ah, well, as grandma used to say, "you can't most

always sometimes tell." What we did to Miss Olivia Simpson isn't worth mentioning. What she did to us is well worth the mention, but would fill a book. You may condense it by saying that, before the first week was over, that schoolroom was as calm and peaceful as the Schoolhouse Pond on a June morning.

And she had her own ways of achieving results. The manner in which she squelched the mighty "Sumach Bitters" Ginn was a triumph. "Bitters" came to school on the second morning armed with a perfect battery of mammoth spitballs, prepared the night before; he had both pockets of his jacket full of them.

The first of these projectiles whizzed across the room and spread-eagled on the blackboard over the "girls' side" with a sticky "spat." Everybody laughed; that is, everybody but "teacher."

"Obed Ginn," observed Miss Olivia, "you may go to the board and clean that off."

"Bitters's" reply to this command was the declaration that he "wan't cleanin' up spitballs much these days."

He had done some preparatory boasting to the

(Continued on page 30)



"Oh! the old swimmin'-hole! In the long, lazy days when the humdrum of school made so many runaways"

## The Reason We Drown

*Animal Experimentation Leads to a Revolution in the Methods of Resuscitating the Drowning—the Old Ways of Standing the Victim on his Head or Rolling Him Over a Barrel, Inadequate and Dangerous*

By

WOODS HUTCHINSON, A.M., M.D.

NE of the oldest and most painfully familiar facts of human history is that we drown whenever we fall into the water and sink. And the explanation of this distressing result is equally ancient and familiar: we die because our lungs fill up with water. So obvious and self-evident was this explanation that, like so many other universally accepted and self-evident things, it was never, until lately, put to an accurate, scientific test. The not unusual result of the test was to show that the ancient explanation is almost entirely wrong.

A few years ago a scientific commission was appointed by the English Government, headed by Professor Schaefer of Edinburgh, for the purpose of determining the best method of resuscitating those apparently drowned. The first thing that confronted this body was the fact that we were entirely ignorant as to exactly how death by drowning was caused. The commission proceeded to determine this fact.

A thorough and elaborate series of experiments on animals were carried out, with some distinctly interesting and valuable results. First of all, it was found that death by drowning is not due to the filling of the air passages with water, as many of the animals experimented on were found, upon examination immediately after death, to have drawn into their lungs water in amounts ranging from four to eight ounces only (from one-third of a cupful to a cupful). In some instances, death occurred when only two ounces of water had been drawn into the lungs.

### Two Chief Causes of Death

THE chief cause of death appeared first to be a curious inhibiting or paralyzing effect upon the heart. This was quite apart from the direct effect upon respiration, so much so that it could actually be prevented by administering a drug (atropin), which stimulated the heart, and prevented the transmission of this curious reflex paralyzing effect. As Professor Schaefer dryly remarked:

"If you are quite sure you are going to be drowned, it is a good thing to take a dose of atropin in advance." The second chief cause of death appeared to be a profuse pouring out of mucus, which occurred from the throat, windpipe, and lining of the bronchial tubes. This, by the violent efforts at inspiration, rapidly becomes churned into a froth, plugs up the smaller air-tubes and air-cells, and renders it almost impossible to get air into the deeper parts of the lungs. This accounts for those puzzling cases in which individuals were got out of the water in a very few seconds after breathing had ceased and yet ultimately died, in spite of everything that could be done to resuscitate them. They

were literally choked by their own secretions, drowned in their own mucus. Even the small amounts of water taken into the lungs were found to either be coughed out again directly, as soon as the passages were cleared, or to be promptly absorbed into the blood vessels.

This gives us the important practical knowledge that *there is no need to waste any time in standing the victim on his head, or rolling him over a barrel, or shaking him, head downward, in order to "get the water out of his lungs."* Such procedures are a sheer waste of invaluable time.

Next, experiments were made as to effective methods of performing artificial breathing, and it was soon found that these were of such a character that they could be carried on upon a living human subject. Volunteers were found who would put themselves in the hands of the experimenters, draw three or four full breaths, then completely relax and make no effort at breathing while the experiment was carried on. A tube connecting with a spirometer was placed in the mouth, and then the various standard methods of producing artificial respiration were tried upon them and the actual amount of air which could be forced in and out of the lungs carefully measured for the first time in the world's history.

It was found that out of the three generally accepted methods of artificial respiration, the so-called Marshall Hall, the Sylvester, and the Howard the first two were utterly inadequate, and the third dangerous. By no possible vigor and skill at manipulation could the volunteer subject have enough breath pumped in and out of his lungs by either the Marshall Hall (which consists of rolling the body from the side over on to the stomach and back again in rapid succession) or the Sylvester (the well-known pulling the arms up over the head and then pressing down firmly again on the chest) to keep him in any degree comfortable. The Howard method, which consists of compressing the sides of the chest with both hands at regular intervals, allowing it time to expand, while it would effect a nearly sufficient interchange of air, was found to be fraught

with some danger to both the ribs and the liver, on account of the force necessary to be used, while from the fact that the patient lies upon his back the tongue is almost certain to fall back and produce suffocation; or such fluid, water, and mucus as may be present in the throat will accumulate there and prevent the entrance of air.

After many trials a method was hit upon which avoids all the dangers of the old methods and is so strikingly effective that perfectly healthy individuals submitting themselves to it can be kept comfortable for not merely minutes but hours at a time, without having to make the slightest voluntary effort of their own at breathing. Indeed, Professor Zunst, who eagerly submitted himself as a subject for demonstration at the last Congress of German Physiologists, denounced, with mock solemnity, the use of the method as subversive of good morals, because it makes it possible for the individual who is literally "too lazy to breathe" to go on living. The method, fortunately, is simplicity itself, and very easily carried out:

### A Complete Change in Rescue Methods

THE individual whom it is desired to resuscitate is promptly, and without a moment's delay in either loosening clothing, drying, warming, or shaking the water out of the lungs, turned upon his stomach upon the shore, or other level place, the face being turned to one side so that the nose and mouth are clear of the ground. Then the operator kneels, either by the side of or astride of the patient's hips, facing toward his head, places both outspread hands upon the small of the back, just over the shortest ribs, and pitches his body and shoulders forward so as to bring the whole weight heavily upon the body of the victim. This downward pressure should take about three seconds. He then swings upward, lifting his hands off suddenly and quickly. The elasticity of the ribs and of the contents of the abdomen cause the chest to expand. In three seconds more the process is repeated, and so on, indefinitely, making ten or twelve of these movements per minute. The position allows the tongue to fall forward, and any mucus or water which may be present in the lungs to readily escape through the mouth. By simply swinging backward and forward, throwing the weight of his body upon the waist line of the victim, any operator of modern intelligence and of most moderate strength, even a delicate woman or a child, can gain a sufficient inflow of air, flowing in and out through the lungs of the patient, to supply him with as much air as would be taken in if he were able to breathe voluntarily. Promptness in beginning the pumping operation is imperative. Professor Schaefer's experiments proved that conclusively.

This method, which has only recently been thoroughly worked out, has been adopted by the Royal Humane Society of England, the Royal Life Saving Society, and the Coastguard Service.



The Water-Wagon:—or, The New Animal in the Political Menagerie

Drawn by BOARDMAN ROBINSON

## The Saloon in Our Town

Another Instalment of Successful Essays in the "Saloon in Our Town" Contest, of which the First-Prize Winner was Published in Collier's of June 27, 1908

### The Cartoon Shop

The Cozy Room where the "Literary Fellows" Gloried and Drank Deep

By ALBERT E. TURNER, Philadelphia, Pa.

A PART from the sour smell, my introduction to the saloon in Our Town was not unpleasant. I was a fledgling newspaper reporter, and it was occasionally my business to "find the managing editor." I found him in a rather cozy place much affected by the craft. Cartoons covered the wall, and there was quite a scribblers' air about the little shop. Now and then a magistrate or a political boss dropped in for a chat with the "elect of the pen." Had the four sides been knocked out a bit further, one could imagine it a good chummy room for a stein song.

I had been with the paper only a few months when Mrs. Managing Editor came in to ask where her husband could be found. "Goodfellow Joe," as he was called, hadn't been there for several weeks. I saw "Joe" dodging from sight a year later. His heels were down and his trousers frayed, from sliding under the stein board. I have often since "listened" to these eloquent spokesmen for the saloon in Our Town.

Bill Jenks, political writer for the "Advertiser"; Tom Bronson, another scribe; Johnnie Leroy, hail-fellow of

the "Journal"; Jones and Rolkie, university men, were all in the "cartoon shop push." When I saw Jenks alive, a few weeks ago, he talked in a maudlin way. He was on the salary list of a political outfit as a hack pamphleteer; no paper would trust him. I went to the funeral last week. Honorary pallbearers were there; also a fine floral piece, "Good Night, Sweet Prince," from the Press Club. Other occupants of the parlor were a thin woman and a sickly boy, weeping for "father," whose "drunks" did not wholly hide his kind heart. Jones and Rolkie are still "batting about," picking up odd jobs, while Leroy walks around bloated enough to float.

A "Colony of Mercy" happened to ask me to serve as its press-agent, and this permitted me to aid in directing Harry Hinson, Sam Short, and Bobbie Ivinson—all fellow writers and patrons of the cartoon shop—to its quiet home in the Jersey pines. Harry came out of it a man good to see. His wife couldn't say a word when she called to tell how he was progressing. The tears that had been gall glistened like diamonds.

Five months passed, and then the "boys" took up a collection for the widow and her babies. They suppressed reports of the coroner's proceedings. Harry had spent one hour in jail before he made a suicide's farewell. He had stopped in only one saloon. "And, oh! he was so good after he came from the colony, and we were so happy in our home." Short has gone back to the sot class, but Bobbie is doing splendidly. I, alone, of the fraternity possess knowledge as to how Bobbie got his grip again, and it makes me feel good when I see a faithful helpmeet walking down with Bob

to his work. I know Bob's fighting, and he has asked aid from one who never fails him.

Raws, the manager of the Colony in the Pines, trots back and forth to Our Town and another, "picking them up" in an Eighth Street mission in one and a McAuley mission in the other. I went with him one night to the "Sunday Breakfast Association," which takes in all the bums to seventy times seven. Old Bonny, formerly of the "Moon" staff, came up to me at the door. I can never forget his lonesome look as he said: "May I come in?" Bonny had not been drinking that night. He mumbled a prayer after he had painfully let himself into a seat. They took Bonny to a station-house before he fell over. And Bonny was buried at Our Town's expense, because no one could tell if Bonny had known a place to lay his old gray head. Bonny, poor fellow, left the sight of upraised hands as a sign that at last the curse was lifted and deliverance had come.

To revert to the Colony. There is talent there; a preacher, a lawyer, a civil engineer. There isn't a saloon within six miles, and flabby muscles revive with work in the piny air. By and by Lawyer goes home to try again. Three months, and he's back, for the Colony takes him times without number, and never says: "There's no room." I grind my teeth, and an impulse seizes me to demand of the saloon in Our Town: "Who gave you the right to send this man to hell?" For to hell he is going, though in the pines he is a gentleman, loving, kind, thoughtful.

Oh! the long line that went from promising journalistic careers to the worn heel and the frayed trousers. Here a widow works, scrubbing the marble floors of a newspaper skyscraper, and the stunted children go palely to earn a living. I wonder how they like the gay song:

"For it's always fair weather,  
When good fellows get together,  
With a stein on the table  
And a good song ringing clear!"

Self-defense has compelled the modern newspaper to say: "No place for the man who drinks," but only a few years have passed since the transition period dawned. Wrecks are still coming ashore. The cartoon snuggery has gone. A large, airy, "respectable" gilt-sign resort, licensed by the court, has taken its place.

But what's the choice as to the entrance to hell? The handsome shop in Our Town has the hidden writing over the door just as its unpretentious predecessor had:

"All hope abandon ye who enter here."

By and by it's all over for one. But the saloon in Our Town goes right on, only, "In Rama is there a voice heard . . . Rachel weeping."

## The Great White Way of Silverville

Hours of Social Ease in a Rocky Mountain Mining Town

By S. A. BURTON, —, Colorado

ALOONS in Our Town are not to be taken lightly, for Silverville is a mining town perched 'way up in the Rocky Mountains, and they are a numerous and important institution. Mines may flourish or decline, other enterprises may come and go, but the saloons go on forever.

The Great White Way of Silverville consists of four electric signs; three are on gambling saloons, the fourth is lit but rarely. Deft white-coated bartenders at Rafferty's and the nondescript dealers at his gambling tables can be found on duty at any hour of the twenty-four and all the days of the year. Indeed, on a historic occasion when Rafferty's was to be closed for a day out of respect for a prominent citizen deceased, a locksmith had to provide substitutes for the keys long lost and forgotten.

To Rafferty's bar come all of the male persuasion for miles around, and, like a certain New York street corner and a famous café in Paris, if you do but wait long enough, every one in the world will be seen to put a foot on the brass rail, lean on the polished bar, and say what he will have. Here is the corduroyed prospector, tall and gaunt, with that odd, far-away look in his eyes which comes from living alone in the mountains. There a smooth salesman from Denver who "handles" positively the best rock-drill manufactured. A tenderfoot in the unfamiliar derby hat (or outwesterning the Westerners with puttees and a fancy cartridge belt) is taking it all in under the tutelage of a "promoter," who will have sold him a barren claim as a bonanza mine before the week is out.

A hard-fisted miner is starting on a "bend" with straight whisky, while beside him, sipping a cocktail, is a young sprig from New York who has spent six weeks in a mine office, and is already pityingly contemptuous of men and things "back East." A mine boss scans the room for his lost night shift, who came to town this morning "just to get some tobacco," and a half-grown boy is watching the roulette wheel with fascinated eyes while his small pile melts away, a quarter at a time, at every turn of the wheel. A drunk, the miner of yesterday, now down and out, slumbers unmindfully beside the hissing steam radiator, and incoherents are white with the snow which floats in in great flakes every time the door opens.

At the end of the room a gaily dressed negro rattles the ivories of a much-battered piano and sings with gusto the latest popular song. Through a babel of tongues may be heard: The Little Ned Mine—lost at faro—good ore—the dance halls—snow up Maggie Gulch

The first Derby made in America was a

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**K**NAPP-FELT derbies excel those of other makes in various ways. The high quality of the materials and the close, firm texture render excessive weight unnecessary; the only machinery used in Knapp-Felt construction is in processes where a machine can do better work—mere cost saving apparatus is disregarded; the noticeable elegance of style is the result of the most artistic handwork, the C & K kind, and the color is produced by the steadfast Cronap dye from formulae originated and developed in the C & K shop.

The Fall and Winter styles of exclusive C & K design are unquestionably proper and are of sufficient variety to afford an opportunity for the selection of a shape which will harmonize with the individuality of the wearer—a distinct advantage over the antiquated method of making one model whose only claim to propriety is the name inside.

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—killed in a snowslide—sure Haywood did—price of silver—more whisky—

The electric lights penetrate but dully the haze of cigar-smoke hanging over all, and dealers absently rattle chips in their hands or slide over stacks to a winner with the same cheerful indifference shown when losing bets are raked in. The air is hot and heavy, booted men come and go, but the talk and play never cease; the roulette wheel spins, one by one the cards at faro come out under the intent gaze of the case-keeper, poker players finger their chips and (never raising a card from the table for onlookers to see) lift only a corner to almost surreptitiously study their hands.

To-morrow the prospector will toil painfully up a gulch and over the range on snowshoes through a blinding wilderness of white, perhaps to "feel no hand and hear no voice" for many weeks. The salesman will climb on the stubby little narrow-gage train devoutly thankful to get away (Providence permitting) to a kinder region, but with a mental bet that he will either be snowed in *en route* or land in the ditch. The promoter and Easterner will go their way, the one to be better (financially) and the other eventually a sadder and wiser man; the miners back to the old dreary round in tunnel and shaft, broken only by these rare intervals of recreation, and ended finally perhaps by a rock cave-in and a well-attended funeral paid for by the union.

Hard lives are these, in the year of our Lord 1908, with little of comfort and happiness, and much that is harsh

and bleak as the cold white mountains around. Hardships and labor without end, disease, dynamite, danger, and death, all these are in the day's work and claim their victims week by week. Hard lives, and hard men who take their world as they find it, and for the buffets it gives return a defiance which *wills* that there be pleasure, however crude, as compensation. Bad it is, no doubt, and they would be better were their habits better (so would we all to forswear mince pie and ice-cream), but they are the product of their environment under laws as unchanging since the world began as those of mathematics. Under rough and primitive conditions men revert to primitive types—and let him who is sinless cast the first stone.

But the end of the chapter will be reached. Some day reform will come to Silverville. It is already in the air, and where now a frank and pagan joy is taken in customs not according to copy-book rules, there will be a veneer of conscious respectability. The little ball will roll less jauntily, a side door will be installed at Rafferty's for Sunday use, and his gaming tables will no longer boldly confront the bar. Their enticing green will be hid away in a curtained second story, subject to brief periods of disuse when the attacks of virtue are particularly acute. To be sure, behind closed doors, the game will still be played much as it was before (and as it is the world around, for we are even as the rest of you), but visitors will be assured with snug complacency that Silverville is no longer wicked—that it has "reformed."

## To a Dreamer

By AGNES LEE

**B**UILD air castles, child;  
Build high and build regal.

To gem-paven halls  
Bring bloom of the wild  
And wing of the eagle  
To blazon the walls.

Bring laughter and lay,  
Float standard and streamer  
From bastions upsprung.  
Oh, when you are gray  
Dream yet, for the dreamer  
Forever is young!

## The Commonwealth College

(Continued from page 13)

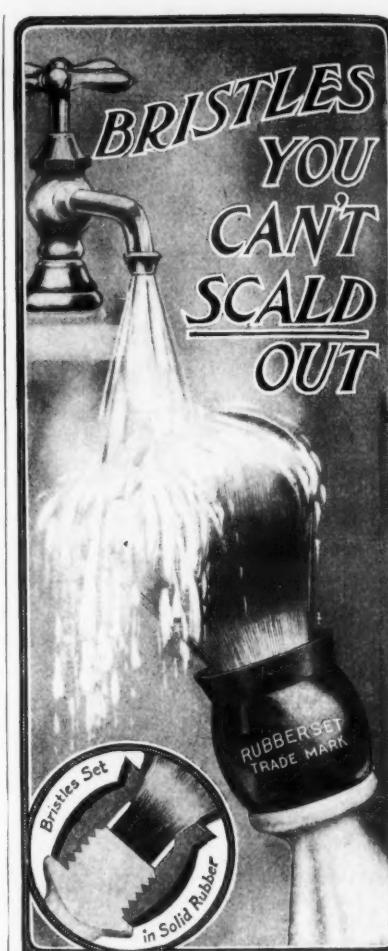
the public schools in the States maintaining commonwealth universities, but they actually go farther in these schools than do the pupils of the public schools of other States. The incentive is opportunity. The State does not say: "I will take you only through high school," but instead it says: "I will help you as far as your willingness and abilities will take you."

Moreover, the State's student enters college from the high school much as he enters the high school from the grammar grades. He has accomplished his regular studies, passed his subjects successively, and goes up through a perfectly graded system even to his Ph.D. He is confronted nowhere with arbitrary requirements or special examinations; nor does this mean that the State universities are more lax about their standards than the endowed colleges. The requirements of the State universities and their academic standards are fully equal to those of the endowed colleges. When, six years ago, the Mosley Educational Commission of England visited this country to study our educational systems, the report which their members made on American colleges gave as the five first universities of America: Harvard, Cornell, Michigan, Wisconsin, and California. Three of these five, observe, are State universities. Their list of the first ten includes four more. And this is the report of a foreign commission, unencumbered by sectional prejudice.

If the supremacy of the commonwealth college was not well demonstrated and established on the grounds of its democracy, it would prove itself eventually on the line of economies. It is not necessary to lose sight of the fact that many of the great universities of Europe and England rest upon private and church founda-

tions. No sane enthusiast of democracy ever doubts the perpetuity of such noble and firmly founded universities as Yale, Harvard, Columbia, and Princeton, with all their inspiring history and traditions and their long lines of great and patriotic alumni. But even Harvard, with all its wealth, is not as great as the State of Illinois. Out on the open prairie of Oklahoma there is a forty-acre plot of ground with tall, waving grass, upon which stands a group of large and handsome buildings, any one of which would be an ornament to an Eastern campus. And this is the university of a new commonwealth. It is a new people's college—larger to-day than Williams or Amherst, and with a future as sure as the setting sun. Its president never goes to New York to "raise funds." Give it twenty-five years, and it will be a sturdy competitor of Yale, with all her noble traditions and matchless elms.

Eight years ago a great square was lined out on the open flats at Missoula, Montana. To-day the State university stands within that square. It is now the equal of Wesleyan University, and in ten years it will be twice as big. These colleges grow with the States and the States are not only indestructible, but their future wealth and greatness are inestimable. Johns Hopkins has felt her walls shake with the financial quake that threatened the railroad stocks on which she was founded; Leland Stanford University has had to ask her faculty to accept half-pay to bridge over a period of distress caused by the uncertainty of her securities; church conferences have frequently shifted their interests and left many an old denominational college to plead with its alumni for maintenance; the fortunes of individuals, or corporations, may, through



If there's one thing that will loosen the bristles of an ordinary shaving brush it's hot water—so essential to shaving. That's why brushes put in with rosin, cement or glue leave a trail of bristles from ear to chin—dangerous to the face—hard on the razor.

For the first time in the history of shaving, this trouble has been absolutely overcome by the invention of

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**Shaving  
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In these brushes the selected bristles are held together by vulcanized rubber, making the seat of the brush practically one solid piece. Not only are Rubberset Shaving Brushes absolutely impervious to hot water, soap and rough handling, but you cannot pull out a bristle if you try.

At all dealers' and barbers', in all styles and sizes, 25, 50, 75 cents to \$6.00. If not at your dealer's, send for booklet, from which you may order BY MAIL.

Always insist on Rubberset and refuse others claiming to be as good.

To the average man we commend the \$1.00 brush

Berset Shaving Cream Soap softens the beard instantly. Doesn't dry, doesn't smart. 25c a tube, at all dealers, or direct by mail. Send 2c stamp for sample tube containing one month's supply.

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IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

# WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

## The Man, the Judge, the Statesman

**A**FEARLESS, disinterested, and upright statesman, just and efficient as a judge, brilliant and successful as an administrator in our insular possessions, distinguished in his career as a Cabinet officer, William Howard Taft, whose personality has won popular approval and esteem, is presented by the Republican Party as its candidate for the Presidency.

Throughout a life of constant industry in exacting tasks, Mr. Taft has demonstrated absolutely his possession of courage, initiative, and fairness. Every part of his record is known, and it lies open before men, for all to see. It is a part, and no small part, of the history of the United States.

In the Philippines he found chaos, and produced order, transforming groups of loosely related tribes to the nucleus of a nation, and sacrificing his own ambition that he might labor for the welfare of the islanders entrusted to his care.

When the shadow of civil war once again threatened Cuba, Mr. Taft, by his firm diplomacy and unerring precision of judgment, averted bloodshed. When differences arose between this country and Japan, it was through Mr. Taft that the relations were readjusted and misunderstandings cleared up.

It is for achievements such as these that Mr. Taft has been called a combative altruist, one who will conquer difficulties to do good to others; and it is through his sane ideas of statecraft, together with the determined force of his character, that he has been able to accomplish results both beneficent and stable.

Mr. Taft reorganized the work at the Isthmus of Panama for digging the canal, and it is due to him and to the men whom he selected that the progress of that task is showing such gratifying results. Incompetents were eliminated, and in their places were put men tried by the unfailing test of the War Secretary's judgment.

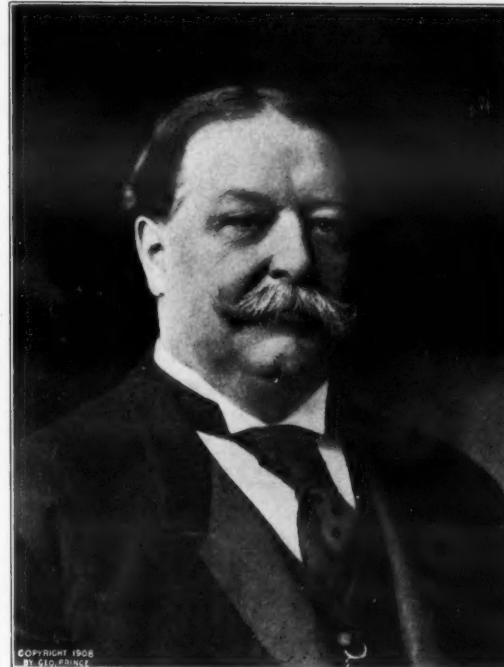
As a judge, Mr. Taft demonstrated his absolute freedom from any taint of class prejudice, his decisions having given ample proof of his aloofness from any considerations other than the law which he was sworn to interpret.

His keen and just diplomacy was never better shown than in his management of the question of the Friars' lands in the Philippines, which he settled to the satisfaction of all parties concerned, though at the outset it had been a matter so fraught with difficulties that an amicable arrangement seemed impossible.

One phase of Mr. Taft's service to the nation is particularly important in the light of his candidacy for the Presidency. That is his success in the delicate task of taking the place of the President during the absence of the Chief Executive. In this position Mr. Taft virtually was clothed with the authority of the head of the nation, adding those onerous functions to his own weighty work, yet doing the double duty with no sign of increased effort.

For one of Mr. Taft's most marked characteristics is his capacity for hard, long, and continuous work. He is strong both mentally and physically, enduring with remarkable staying power the strain imposed by complex duties of the highest importance, requiring precise knowledge both of men and of affairs, clear insight, and unhesitating judgment.

As a judge in State and Federal courts, and as Solicitor-General of the United States, Mr. Taft displayed these qualities as he has displayed them later as Governor-General of the Philippines and Secretary of War, and these native qualities have developed as the call has come upon them. Extraordinary opportunities have come to Mr. Taft, but



*"He is as strong as he is gentle. His reputation is simply spotless. In all the agitation of a heated campaign for the greatest office in the world, no one has ventured to intimate a doubt of the absolute honesty of this man who has been before the country for a quarter of a century. Nor can any one successfully dispute the simple proposition that in the whole history of the United States no one was ever named for the Presidency who was so fitted by nature, by training, and by experience for the duties, dignities and responsibilities of that unique office."*

—CHARLES HOPKINS CLARK in *The Independent*.

he has always been equal to them. With a smile he assumes a new load from the nation's burden, and applies himself to mastering it—and he succeeds. Every time he has succeeded, as judge, pacificator, and administrator. He has always been master of the situation.

Besides their faith in his personality, it is largely because of this continuous record of success that independent voters put their trust in Mr. Taft. They are fully acquainted with his capacity, have absolute confidence in his purposes, and have the strongest possible reasons to rely upon his judgment.

It is, therefore, not surprising that leading Democratic and independent newspapers have announced their intention of supporting Mr. Taft for the Presidency, recognizing that the nation needs an administrator, not an agitator, not a man disqualified by temperament and by lack of experience and of administrative capacity, or one who follows after strange political gods, preaching one doctrine this year and another the next.

In each successive service which he has performed for the people of this country, Mr. Taft has shown his keen judgment, breadth of view, inborn shrewdness, and firm character, and in these services he has gained a wide acquaintance with the nation's needs, within and without. As President Roosevelt says, Mr. Taft has a peculiar and intimate knowledge of and sympathy with the needs of all our people. He is fitted by experience to make the popular will effective.

But through all this long record of continued success, this catalogue of years of unceasing industry, this single-minded devotion to the service of his country, there appears continually the figure of Taft, the man; the man whose high sense of civic duty led him to renounce a seat on the Supreme bench, that he might carry out the work to which he had set his hand; the man whose democracy is broad, straight, and human; who is wide in his sympathies, though severe to all wrong-doers; who permits nothing to swerve him in the pursuit of his ideal, but whose heart is as big as his great mind and body.

This is the man whom the Republican Party presents to the people of the United States as its candidate for the Presidency, as one fully worthy of the high traditions of the party, as one whose political insight into the needs of the times guarantees a sympathetic and unfailing response to the people's needs and aspirations.

*"I think that almost all men who have been brought in close contact, personally and officially, with Judge Taft are agreed that he combines, as very, very few men can combine, a standard of unflinching rectitude on every point of public duty, and a literally dauntless courage and willingness to bear responsibilities, with a knowledge of men, and a far-reaching tact and kindness, which enable his great abilities and high principles to be of use in a way that would be impossible were he not thus gifted with a capacity to work hand in hand with his fellows."* (In the *Outlook*, August, 1901.)

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Like a rose-leaf on your skin.  
Light, elastic and easy; yet a perfect protection.

Two light fabrics in one with air space between. Cotton inside. Fine wool or cotton or silk or silkoline outside.

Keeps you evenly warm and dry.  
No overheating; no weight; no sticky nor clammy feeling. Complete comfort all the time.

The only scientific winter underwear.

Your dealer has Duofold, or we'll tell you who has. Write for the booklet, "Duofold Sense."

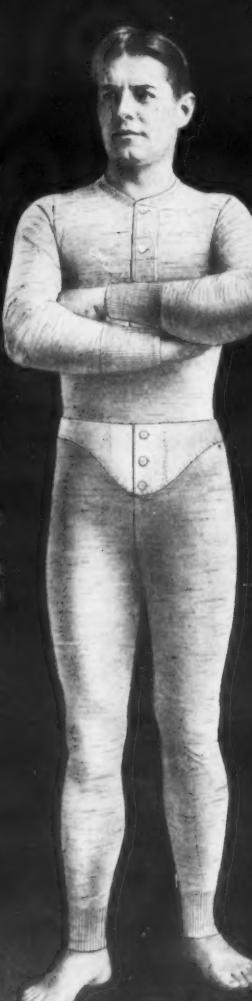
Various weights and shades. Single garments and union suits for men, women and children. \$1.00 and upward per garment.

Sizes and fit guaranteed  
Money back if you want it

Duofold Health Underwear Co., Frankfort, N. Y.

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PAT. SEP. 23, 1902  
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the caprice of time, fade away, but the income of a great commonwealth will never die.

The predatory rich of our country have sometimes tried to buy back the public favor they have lost through filibustering finance, by hurling a hospital into one city and a university into another. In these universities the linguist and the chemist and the bacteriologist are given full academic liberty, but the sociologist and economist are not infrequently properly advised that the benefice of the benefactor can not admit of any analysis or interpretation of industrial tendencies that would discredit the practises of the founder. Even this has been accomplished by the mere endowment of a chair. At times we even see college chancellors so eager for dollars that they publicly praise men whose deeds the courts rebuke. Thus, in the name of scholarship and culture, these educational directors, to whose teachings are intrusted the ablest youths

of the nation, become the agents of monopolies to teach the justification of special privileges.

The State university has come to be the most potential educational force in the nation, and the Eastern States will not only come to recognize it, but they will eventually adopt it. It is inevitable. It is part of the plan of democracy. In his essay on Politics, Emerson says: "The highest end of government is the culture of men." In the West and South the State university is already cleaning and purifying the very democracy that created it. It has reached the fullest conception of what a university should be, so broad and comprehensive in its constructive work that it reaches down and influences every grade of educational activity within the State and brings to the people not only the highest promotion of skill in science and in trade, but the fullest research into those truths that underlie real democracy and keep a people free.

## The Queen of the Sawdust Ring

(Continued from page 18)

lights were gone, and she was sitting beside Uncle Edward in a dark brougham which rolled northward up the asphalt as though on velvet. She was Miss Islip now.

The carriage stopped before a tall brownstone house. At the top of a long flight of front steps a door opened. It seemed to open of itself, but as they entered Dallie saw a tall young fellow in a plum-colored coat with brass buttons. She liked his looks very much and smiled at him good-humoredly, but the young man only seemed rather frightened and stared over her head.

They stepped into a high and spacious hall. A heavy chandelier, with old-fashioned glass pendants, lit it feebly, disclosing a broad stairway of black walnut, a marble floor such as she had seen in hotels, and walls covered with a somber paper, whose curious pattern was dulled and darkened with age. A dark portrait in a massive gilt frame hung on the side wall, and in a niche at the curve of the stairway was a white marble statue. And from the dark walls, with their indecipherable patterns, from the black walnut woodwork and the carpet on the stairs, from the very shadows, it seemed, came a vague odor—of age, perhaps, such as comes from a yellow volume long closed.

Out of a door at the side of the hall, in the rear, through which a green lampshade was discernible, appeared an old gentleman, the one who had come to the Garden that morning. He carried a paper in one hand, in the other his glasses, and he came forward with rather careful steps, as though fearful of slipping on the smooth marble floor, peering at her keenly.

"Well, child!" said he briskly, and he leaned over and patted her cheek with his slender old fingers. "Welcome! Welcome home! We've been waiting a long while for you!"

"Oh, I'm sorry, sir!" said Dallie quickly. "They just wanted me—"

"Yes," said the old gentleman, and, pushing aside the young man with the buttons, he slowly and a little awkwardly helped her off with her coat. "Yes, yes, a long time! It's been very lonesome." He handed the coat to the young man and stood looking closely at her, his hand resting on her shoulder, nervously fingering the cloth of her dress.

"And so this is my granddaughter?" he said in a curious dry, shaky voice. "It is a big house, isn't it, for two?" he smiled at his son—"two old men to live alone in together?"

"What a beautiful house!" said Dallie, looking round, and she added quickly: "Yes, sir! Yes, sir!"

"You like it? That's right, child. I'm glad you like it. I hope you'll be very happy here, and—James!—James!" repeated the old man sharply, "tell William that will be all to-night."

"Yes, sir," said the young man with the buttons. He muttered something into the darkness, and the massive door, accurately hung as the door of a safe, closed with a dull reverberation and shut them in.

THE window of Dallie Islip's room looked westward, over roofs and chimneys, over the lights that showed the top of Broadway, over the North River ferry boats crawling like glow-worms, to the darkness of Jersey and the country. It was a large room with a high ceiling and a wide level bed which extended into the room. It was so wide and so level that, in it, she felt as though she were lying on a roof. Her old feather bed at Grandma Carroll's was tucked into

a corner of a little dormer room, and the rest of the time, of course, she had been used to sleeping-cars.

It was fun merely to lie there and press buttons and see the lights go on and now and then lean over and drink out of the vichy bottle that the maid always put on the little stand beside the bed. Not because one was thirsty, of course, but merely for the fun of having all the drug-store water one wanted for nothing. There were other amusing buttons, but so many people tapped on the door and stuck their heads in that one soon ceased to get any excitement out of pressing these. Often they came in at the wrong time—neat, reproachful maids—one that very morning had caught her drinking out of the water bottle. It was a dreadful moment—and even more so when the woman withdrew and returned promptly with a fresh glass which she deposited on the stand and then swept out without saying a word.

She had been a lady for nearly four weeks.

It was after bedtime—the old gentleman had said that she must be asleep by ten o'clock or her school work would suffer—but she was very wide awake, curled up on the window-seat with her bare elbows on the cool stone ledge, gazing westward over the city lights. The show was somewhere out there. She could see the big tents, dull-glowing against the night, the torches flaring at the entrances, hear the band playing "Peaceful Pete," and smell the circus smell of horses and peanuts and people and trampled grass and hay. She could see the busy dressing-tent, with Aunt Min and Mrs. Corrigan and the rest making up in front of their wardrobe trunks, the make-up things on the open lids; some in riding things, some in tights, some, just out of the ring, flushed and panting, in nothing at all, as they hurried into their street clothes and started for the train. It was a wonderful place, that dressing-room, with the smoky torches flaring on the spangles and velvet and ballet-skirts and the white, active arms—all of them working and joking together and hearing the steady pounding of the band and the whip-cracks and patter of applause from the big tent nearby.

It was nearly eleven o'clock now. The animal tent must be down already and the wagons started for the train. Reagan and Mrs. Corrigan were just about rumbling on in their Roman chairs.

She turned so that the cold gleam of the arc-lamp on the corner below lit again the writing on Aunt Min's letter. The show was working westward through New York State, on one-night stands. Aunt Min wrote, all well and the weather fine. After that awful boarding-house and all those stairs to climb in the Garden, it did seem a relief to get back under canvas. It had rained only once, the night they left Elmira, and then not till they were safe in the cars.

Well enough she knew what that meant. She could feel herself back in the old berth again, snug and warm, with the rain slashing against the windows and the car-wheels grumbling underneath—through the rain, on, and on and out of it, to a new town, a new fair-grounds and main street, new crowds to stare at them as they paraded in the morning. After all, that was the great thing about it—being outdoors all summer and on the move—waking up in a new place each morning and coming back at night, good and sleepy, and crawling into your little berth, with your notices cut out and pasted on the window-sill and your pictures out of the papers.

The grounds had been next to a river the day before. Aunt Min wrote, and all the men had gone in swimming in the early morning. The elephants went in,

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too, and one of the new tumblers—that fresh guy of a Frenchman—rowed out in a boat and plagued them. In the afternoon, while the elephants were lined up for the somersault act, one of them hid the keeper's goad—anyway that's what Reagan said—by stepping on it when the keeper wasn't looking. He waited until the Frenchman's turn came and then he whirled it round in his trunk and let fly. It just grazed the Frenchman's head and went clean through the roof of the tent. "If you don't believe it," Reagan says, "there's the hole in the canvas."

She felt a little sorry for the way she had treated Reagan. There was nobody in the Islip house like Reagan—nobody to tell impossible stories without smiling, and know all the new words and be "on" to what you were trying to say almost before you'd begun to say it. It was very easy to talk to Reagan. You could just let yourself go. Old Mr. Islip and Uncle Edward were as nice as they could be, and sometimes they laughed in the right place, but they always seemed a little afraid of what was coming next, as if something might crack if they laughed too heartily, and of course it wasn't at all possible to let yourself go. She would think of the greatest things to tell about, up in her room or out driving with the maid, but when she got to the dinner-table, with James, the butler, listening, and Grandfather Islip and Uncle Edward looking embarrassed as she got near the point of the story, she couldn't go ahead at all. And she would stop and feel her cheeks getting hot and finish by saying something that seemed farther than ever from talking like a lady.

If she only dared say what came into her head she felt sure she could make life more interesting for her grandfather and Uncle Edward. Sometimes they talked of things she didn't understand, and they seemed very wise and mighty then. But at other times, particularly when they talked about people, it seemed as though they didn't understand at all. They were like folks riding down the street in a closed carriage and only guessing at what people were like by the glimpses they got through the carriage windows.

Could it be that being a lady meant getting away from people? And the fewer things you seemed to see, the fewer people you spoke to, and the more you stayed in yourself and said over and over again, day after day, the same few things, the more you were a lady? It seemed so, judging from Grandfather Islip, Uncle Edward, and the girls at Miss Pinch's school, where she spent her mornings—though they were so much younger than she that perhaps you couldn't tell.

Sometimes Uncle Edward and his father would solemnly praise some one that anybody could see was just a faker—she knew just how Reagan would tip her the wink as he heard them and what he would say. And they would talk and talk, feeling around, as it were, for the thing it seemed they ought to have known right away. She wanted to say: "But, Uncle Edward, don't you see—here's the point," but she never quite dared. Somehow she knew about all kinds of things that these grown-up men knew nothing about and it puzzled her.

"Take care of yourself," wrote Aunt Min, in the same dry way she talked: "you've got what your poor little mother never had, nor any Carroll before you. They say I spoiled you. Well, if I did, I don't see what will happen to you now. But take care of yourself, Dallie dear, and think of your old aunt when you're living in that fine house and driving around in your own carriage, with nothing to do but eat—"

"No work nor nothing," said Dallie, half aloud. "Nothing to do but eat and keep clean. Gee—what a cinch!"

And shivering a little, she wrapped her dressing-gown tighter about her, as though to shut out the loneliness of the empty room and the great silent house behind and beneath it, and leaned out on the window-ledge toward the still wide-awake and animated city.

There it lay below her, with its crowds and cabs and twinkling lights, splendid and mysterious and a little terrible. It couldn't be like following the circus down there, their simple living and working under canvas and drifting from town to town. There was something frightening in its steady, sullen roar. Still, folk must work hard and play and mix up with each other down there and get tired and come home to sleep until another day came and they began again. It was unknown, and therefore a little terrible, but not so terrible as the staring emptiness of her bedchamber and the great somber house, watching and listening out of its silence and emptiness. She leaned farther



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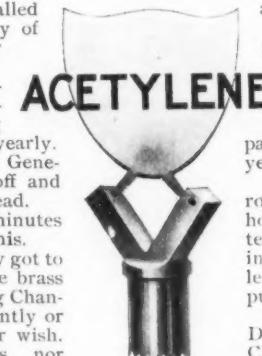
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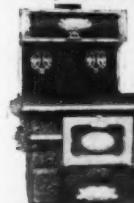
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Here certainly was a versatility to match the wide variety of the Kenyon line. Here, also, was this wide variety published from a single source, purchasable at a combined rate which figured but 74 cents per thousand of circulation, which none of the single-class papers of similar quality could offer. The whole Kenyon line could be benefited at one stroke. They struck. Here is what they get:

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out on the ledge and wrapped the dress-gown tighter around her.

Yes, that house was more terrible. And Uncle Edward and Grandfather Islip, with their conscious, watching eyes and uneasy, timid smiles, were more terrible—worse than work and falls and rainy mornings and half-boiled potatoes for breakfast and the things the ringmaster would say. And all at once she knew something that not Aunt Min nor any of the circus people had understood—why her father had run away. Suddenly at once, and for the first time, he became real to her; near and real as she herself almost, and Grandfather Islip and Uncle Edward like figures in a dream. Like shadows they were—with the city rumbling and glittering down there, and, with all their age and dignity, she felt suddenly, somehow, actually older and realer than they.

Her heart gave a great thump, and it seemed as though she must run or shout or leap in the air. She threw off the dressing-gown and began turning backward handsprings toward the bedroom door. All the steam stored up in her strong little body during that month came boiling to the surface. She jumped on the divan—just as she had used to do at Petropolis, and began bouncing lightly up and down.

"Hup!" she cried, and leaped in the air. As her arms swung back over her head her hand hit the great vase on the shelf over the seat and it fell with a crash. She just had time to throw the dressing-gown around her, when the door opened and she saw Uncle Edward peering into the darkness.

"What has happened?" he inquired anxiously and turned on the light.

She faced him, flushed and panting, holding the dressing-gown tightly about her throat.

"It fell," she faltered; "I didn't mean to—" And then, because she was frightened and ashamed, and not used to having men stand uncertain and embarrassed before her, because of a thousand little scraps of things which she could only feel and not understand, and which built up a wall between them, she cried out angrily: "What are you staring at me for! What do you want of me! Why don't you go and leave me alone!"

"Dallie!" said the young man a little helplessly, and he took a step forward.

"Don't!" screamed the little girl, pulling the dressing-gown tighter about her. "You keep away from me!"

"Dallie!" cried the young man. Dallie!

What has happened? What have I done?"

"Keep away from me!"

Young Islip stared helplessly at her, at the pieces of the broken vase lying on the floor.

"You don't mean—" he laughed and moved toward her. "Why that doesn't make any difference! It ought to have broken years ago—nobody but men would keep a house littered up with such truck. Dallie!—Dallie!" he repeated gently, and sat down beside her. But she looked straight ahead of her, saying nothing, breathing fast, with little catches in her breath.

"Dallie!" he said again, "why can't we be friends? We're all alone here—father and I—in this big house. Just us two. And when you came we thought—we wanted you to like it—and like us—" "Don't!" said the little girl. "Please don't! Please don't!"

"We'd do anything to make you—to make you happy—To—Dallie—" He touched her arm, but she drew away.

"Don't talk to me! Don't talk to me!" she cried, and all at once she dropped in a heap and buried her face in the pillow.

"I wanna go back!" she sobbed; "I wanna go back! I wanna be with the show again, an' see the tents an' the people; I wanna see Aunt Min an' Peachy an' Mr. Corrigan an' all of 'em—" She lifted her face from the pillow, mopping her eyes with the backs of her hands. "I don't wanna be a lady! I wanna work—with the rest of 'em—me an' Peachy in the middle ring an' the Corrigans on one side an' the La Velles on the other, an' the Japs on the stage an' the trapezes overhead an' the band playing 'Honey Boy!' An' the lights an' the whips crackin' and the crowd lookin' on. Don't you see, Uncle Edward? I don't wanna be a lady! I wanna get out on the road an' work—an' get good an' tired again, and back to the train at night together. I wanna—" And then her voice broke and she flung herself on the pillow.

"Well!" gasped young Islip, and he looked around desperately as if for something he had mislaid. "But—Yes, I think I understand, Dallie. Of course—but—" He looked in a frightened way at her tumbled hair and the small shoulders shaking under the soft wrapper. "Don't cry," he begged. "Please don't

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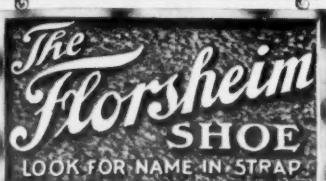
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Never Rubs Off

cry. Dallie!— Dallie!— Don't cry, little girl—" He laid his arm across her trembling shoulders, and, suddenly and awkwardly leaning over her, kissed her damp cheek. And Dallie Carroll leaped as though a hot iron had touched her, and stood in the middle of the room.

"I'm not your little girl!" she cried. "I ain't anybody's little girl! No, you don't understand! I'm not a little girl!—I'm grown up!"

She stood there, fists clenched and panting, just as she had stood that night at the Garden when the Old Man swooped down upon them, until young Islip, speechless and desperate, had shut the door behind him. Then quickly and silently she pulled on the old dress she had worn away from the Garden, and the tan jacket with the big pearl buttons. She pinned on the sailor hat, took from the pill-box, in which she had kept them, the little glass earrings and stuck them in her ears. Then she took the battered old suit-case, crept down the stairs like a cat, opened and closed behind her the great oaken door.

At five o'clock the next morning the Night Mail rolled into Auburndale, and Dallie Carroll climbed down from the day-coach, rubbing her sleepy eyes. It was sun-up, a mild spring morning, wet with dew. The light was just reaching, level, over the lower eastern roofs, but a faint mist still hung in the air, and immersed, as though they were at the bottom of an amethystine sea, the pale-blue circus cars, the teams, the gray canvas-covered wagons lurching off like huge elephants into the distance. It floated the old familiar smell of hay and horses, and wrapped in a strange unreality and hush the shouts of teamsters and the clank and jangle of trace-chains.

Without waiting for the tired folks in the side-tracked sleepers, she followed the wagons up the main street. She hailed one and climbed up with the driver. The broad backs of the six-horse team worked sturdily below her, the heavy wagon clanked as circus wagons do. Other wagons were shouldering into the mist ahead of them, teams returning to the station jangled past. The drivers, new hands for the most part, stared up at her wonderingly as they rode by. One turned round to look and grinned. "Hello, Dallie!" he yelled back, half a block away.

Curtained windows of houses—still respectfully asleep behind their close-cropped, dew-whitened lawns—leered at her dully and with a sort of disdain. She could fancy the silent bedrooms behind those curtains—like the Islips' rooms, maybe, and the folks still sleeping there, shut away from the fresh and fragrant morning. And she laughed back at the curtained windows and hugged her arms across her breast.

They came to the edge of town, turned a corner, and there all at once loomed the great mushroom tents. They were half up now, like giant balloons filling with gas. The sun flashed along a line of red-and-gold circus wagons and across the intervening distance came the nervous syncopations of sledges on tent stakes.

"O-o-o!" cried Dallie Carroll, and she grabbed the driver's arm. "Hurry up! Hurry up!"

He snipped the leaders with his long whip, bellowed out a "Hi-yo!" and they turned on to the bumpy turf at a gallop. The wagon pitched and clanked riotously. "Hi-yo!" cried Dallie too.

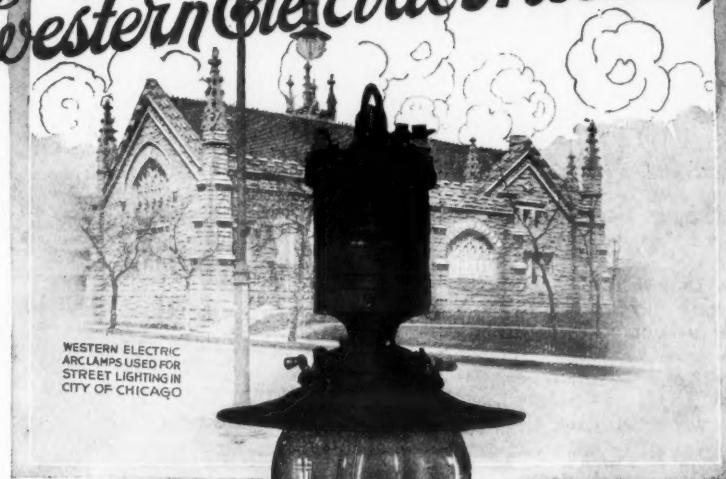
There they all were—the canvasmen heaving up the great walls, the tent-peppers playing their sledge-hammer tune, the grooms working over the horses, the elephants and camels munching hay. The mess-tables were set, and out across the whitened grass floated the smell of coffee and the smoke of breakfast fires.

Two hours more and she would be in her Rajah's daughter suit, riding an elephant at the head of the procession—down Main Street between rows of people, crowding the sidewalks, leaning from windows, laughing and pointing in the sunshine. Back to the tent and into her working clothes—she would show them what riding was like. They'd wonder what had become of the awkward duckling now. She could hear the applause patter across the benches—and another Main Street to-morrow and another crowd—on and on through the summer, back to Grandma Carroll's and the warm sitting-room when winter came.

Faces she knew were looking up at her and people calling out. Then she saw a fat, white horse with pink nostrils. A big, freckled-faced young man was rubbing him down. He turned at the sight of her and stared with open mouth.

"Hey! Reagan!" she cried. "I've come back to the show!" And she jumped down and ran toward him.

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## "Teacher"

(Concluded from page 22)

effect that he'd make the "old gal set up and take notice." He didn't give a darn about losing a few recesses.

But Miss Olivia made no mention of forfeited recesses. She did not even answer her rebellious pupil. She sat down at her desk, wrote a few lines, enclosed them in an envelope, and handed the envelope to one of the smaller boys in a front seat. The boy departed with the note. Miss Simpson called for the recitation by the first class in arithmetic. "Bitters" grinned triumphantly.

Perhaps to grin then was good judgment on his part. At any rate he grinned no more that day. The messenger having returned, a knock sounded on the door leading from the coat-room, and Miss Olivia announced that some one without desire to speak to him, Obed. "Bitters" adjourned to the coat-room and the door closed after him.

Then from behind that closed door came sounds, various and animate.

After a time the sounds ceased. Then the door opened and Obed Ginn appeared. He was disheveled, his fat face was red and tear-stained, and the torn collar of his shirt was gripped by the sinewy fingers of Mr. Felix Ginn, his father. Felix was six feet four inches in height, and his shoulders brushed either side of the doorway. In his free hand was the frazzled remnant of an apple-wood switch—or rather of what had been the small limb of an apple tree.

### Swapping Teachers

"HERE he is, marm," observed Ginn, "a senior. I cal'late he'll mind yer for a spell, anyway. If he don't, you send for me again. I'm workin' right over here on Cap'n Bangs's cranberry swamp, and that's handy by."

From that time on "Bitters" was an extremely mild dose.

At the end of the two weeks, during which the Downstairs scholars played and the Upstairs studied, it was generally supposed that Mr. Lyon, having recovered from his illness, would return to his teaching. He did, but it was to the teaching of the primary, the Downstairs room. Miss Olivia Simpson continued to preside Upstairs.

"Humph!" grunted Squire Penniman, as he made the announcement. "I told you the committee cal'lated to have order and obedience to proper discipline up here, didn't I? Well, we've got just them things, thanks to this lady. The Downstairs scholars 'pear to have sense enough not to act like babies—that's why we give 'em the teacher that's usually given to young men and women. And you, acting like babies, and spoiled babies at that, you get the baby teacher."

For two years after that Miss Olivia continued to teach Upstairs and Mr. Lyon Downstairs. And during these two years the Sewing Circle and the Good Templars' Society and the Ladies' Shakespeare Reading Club whispered and surmised and guessed and wondered. Then the mine was sprung. Both teachers resigned simultaneously. They had been engaged for months and were to be married immediately.

"Well, by mighty!" exclaimed the Squire. "That beats all, don't it? And yet I don't know. Olivia's one of them women that's made so by mistake. She's too much of a man herself to want to tie up with a real male critter, and that's why she took a notion to Lyon."

### A Happy Marriage

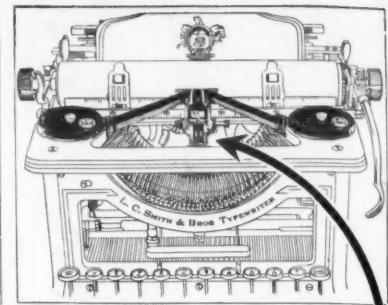
M. LYON is a minister of the Gospel now. And a successful one too, so they say. There is a shrewd suspicion that, although he may write his own sermons, his wife edits them. And she is president of the Church Ladies' Aid, and a member of the parish committee. Likewise she usually leads the prayer meetings and acts as assistant superintendent of the Sunday-school. And that Sunday-school is the best behaved one in the State where it is located.

You have lost track of many of the old teachers. But "Spees" Bandmann's name appears in the papers occasionally. He is ably filling an appropriate position—superintendent of a large insane asylum. You are willing to bet that his preliminary training with "Bitters" and the other "big fellers" in our Upstairs school has been of service to him in dealing with the violent patients.

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There is nothing philanthropic about this proposition, but I especially want to hear from the wage-earners. I have worked for fifteen years to develop this great project for the common man. It would be gratifying to me to have those who most need it reap the benefits of my labors.

It will be more convenient for you to address me at St. Louis, and I am equipped there to best answer you.

**GEORGE E. BARSTOW, President**  
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